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OR

THE SPANISH MARTYR:

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS,

BY J. ROBERTSON.

RECONSTRUCTED AND GREATLY ABRIDGED.

That man must be dead to every elevated thought and every generous sentiment, who does not feel indignation and sorrow in considering the TRAGIC CLOSE of the GREAT DRAMA OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION; the rise of which excited so much interest, and inspired so much hope.—*Westminster Review*.

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INTRODUCTION.

The theme attempted in this drama, is the Revolution in Spain—that of 1820—and more particularly the fate of its ill-starred champion, RIEGO. No event, probably, ever more deeply excited the public sympathy. “Notwithstanding its disgraceful termination,” as has well been observed by a powerful writer, “the Spanish Revolution, from the magnitude of the interests involved in its success or failure, and from the nature of the experiment must be regarded as one of the most tremendous catastrophes which are to be found recorded in the history of our time.”

The author’s object has been to present some of the most interesting incidents and prominent actors, in that glorious, though unfortunate struggle. He will not say that he has followed history in every particular, with scrupulous exactness. But the principal scenes and traits of character—the various fortune of the Revolutionary contest—the stormy debates in the Cortes—the artful villany of Saez—the treachery of Abisbal, Ballasteros, and Morillo—the falsehood, cruelty and pusillanimity of Ferdinand VII—the energy and persevering constancy of Mina—the patriotic devotion and execrable assassination of the Great Chief of the Revolution—and the tenderness and distress of his wife—will be found sufficiently sustained by authentic narratives, or contemporary opinion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RIEGO, *Chief of the Revolutionary party, called the Liberals.*

SAN MIGUEL, *Secretary of State. attached to the Liberals.*

MINA, }
BANOS, } *Officers attached to the same party.*

ARGUELLES, *Civil Chief of Spain.*

GALIANO, *a Liberal: Member of the Cortes.*

RUIS, }
FERRER, } *Ultra Liberals: Members of the Cortes.*

The Canon RIEGO.

DIAZ, *a youth: son of Porlier, who was slain in a previous civil war.*

ROQUE, *an old Soldier.*

FERDINAND VII., *King of Spain.*

VINUESA, *his Confessor.*

SAEZ. *A Monk, afterwards Prime Minister.*

ALAGON, *Commander of the Life Guard.*

CHAMORRO, *King's Buffoon.*

ABISBAL, }
BALLASTEROS, } *Officers: originally attached to the Liberals,*
MORILLO, } *but who deserted to the Serviles, or King's party.*

A NUNCIO, *from Rome.*

UGARTE, }
ROMUALDO, } *Familiars of the Inquisition.*

DONA THERESA, *wife of Riego.*

INEZ, *attendant on Doña Theresa.*

*Inquisitors, Alcaldes, Officers, Soldiers, Courtiers, Ladies.
Monks, Attendants.*

SCENE: *Madrid and its vicinity.* TIME: *Two days.*

RIEGO.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace. SAEZ on a Couch partly concealed. He murmurs indistinctly; then exclaims aloud, Victor, Victor the Fourth! Awakes. Gone, vanished! Crown and Mitre, Sword and Keys!

Comes forward.

How Fancy hath with visionary scenes
Entranced my soul; Bishop—'Twas thus it ran;
Then Cardinal; and so from high to highest.
Methought the Pope was dead. I sat amid
The Elders of the Church met to declare
Which of themselves should rule the vacant See.
With awe and hope I heard the name of Saez
Audibly whispered round the Hall. All eyes
Were turned toward me. Long days and nights were spent
In fruitless schemes, each plotting for himself.
I with affected self-denial, favored
First this, then that, and thus gained many friends;
Till, rising by degrees, my lucky star on high
Rode in the ascendant. Lo! With one accord
The scarlet caps were doffed, and *Victor! Victor*
The Fourth! was hailed, *Viceroy of God on earth.*
Straightway from all her hills the Eternal City
Back echoed the joyful tidings: Saez ruled the universe!
Strange mysteries soothe these vagaries of the mind
In sleep; more strange if meaningless, or meant
To cheat us with false hopes and fears. Old Seers
Have taught, in dreams Heaven whispers to the soul
Of man his coming doom of weal or woe;
Or is it that Fancy, while dull reason sleeps,
With meteor ray points out the path which leads
To Fortune—Power! Grand attribute of God!
Sure Heaven-born souls may covet thee unblamed,
To grasp at once a Godlike destiny;
To soar while others crawl; to bless or blast
At will; our smile a sunbeam, and our frown
The drear eclipse making all nature sad;
To be the gaze, the envy of the world;
The one amid the million—So: This dream
Should busy many a waking thought: It shall,
And proudest monarchs yet may bow to Saez.

Enter VINUESA.

Vinuesa. No spies, good son?

Saez. Ugarte is on the watch:

Uneasy dreams, I fear, have vexed thy sleep, Father.

Vinuesa. Aye; frightful dreams.

Sleep came not to my eyes the livelong night,
Nor slumber to my eyelids.

[*The Tragala is sounded in the streets.*] Ha! The accursed
tragala.

My dream! my dream!—Saez thou hast faith in dreams?

Saez. Abiding faith.

Vinuesa. And think'st them sent from Heaven?

Saez. Undoubted revelations.

Vinuesa. Then are we doomed.

The Church, the Throne this day must fall, and we
Be crushed beneath. Say not my dream must come
To pass

Saez. What's told from Heaven must needs be true
Though wrapped in opposite or mystic phrase.
Oft like the sunbeam thro' the rifted cloud
Dreams wing their way with aim direct; as oft
Like the unfettered bolt, their wayward course
The gifted seer alone hath power t' interpret.
But Father cheer up thy drooping spirits.
I'll tell thee of a dream so Heavenly bright,
So full of happy omens—

Vinuesa. First hear one
Shall shock thy soul as still it shocketh mine.

[*They retire and converse apart.*]

Enter KING FERDINAND in his Morning Robe, meeting CHAMORRO Fantastically Dressed.

Cham. God save your majesty two thousand years.

King Ferd. I could not bide thy tardy steps.

Cham. Don Pedro fain would grace the grand procession.

King Ferd. [*Turning him about.*] Why, thy new suit's
superb, magnificent.

Cham. Your majesty can have it this one day,
For thy dull crown and robes.

King Ferd. [*Laughs.*] In haste I left them.
Get them, and meet me at the Tambour Hall.

Cham. A king for luck!

King Ferd. What? Is there luck in that?

Cham. Prodigions: Kings have seldom left their crowns
And brought away their heads.

King Ferd. That's a vile jest.
Hath the sun risen?

Cham. Five seconds and a half
Before his time, to greet your majesty.

King Ferd. And smiles auspiciously?

Cham. Smiles? Nay; laughs outright,
His face is one broad grin, just like your majesty's.
[*King Ferd laughs.*]

VINUESA and SAEZ Advance.

Both. God save your majesty a thousand years.

K. Ferd. As long may he preserve our good confessor,
And trusty Saez.

Cham. [*Half aside to king.*] Majesty beware!
One monk is one too many for Old Satan:
Two must o'er match a king.

K. Ferd. Go trifier.

[*Exit Chamorro.*]

Vin. What troubles, son, thus early drive thee from
Thy couch?

K. Ferd. Nay, Father, joy denied repose.
Till late I plied my pious work, until
At last its consummation I beheld.
This day, this day, my handiwork shall deck
The Virgin's lovely form.

All. Hail Blessed Mary!

K. Ferd. The hour is at hand; and then my wish fulfilled,
Spain's vast domains contain no heart more blest
Than that which beats within her monarch's breast.
But Saez, our Program; hast thou mapped it out
Just as we conned it o'er?

Saez. Your majesty,
trust, will find all right.

K. Ferd. And the Black List—

Saez. I have added some few scores.

K. Ferd. What matters it,
How many rebel dogs we hang? 'Twere best
To hang them all. Come, I'll affix the seal,
Then forth to meet the jocund King of Day,
And his bright smiles, with smiles as bright repay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Library in RIEGO'S House. DIAZ Reading.

Diaz. "So saying, in her heart she plunged a knife before
concealed, and lifeless, fell at their feet. [*Much moved.*] The
husband and the father sobbed aloud."

[*Reads interruptedly.*] “Brutus—drawing forth—the bloody dagger—*By this blood—so pure—with fire and sword—I will pursue the hateful race;—and, witness it, ye Gods! Never again shall monarch reign in Rome.*”

Well said, brave Brutus:—*Witness it ye Gods! Never again shall monarch reign in Rome!*

Enter RIEGO.

[*Perceives Ri.*] Thy pardon—Señor,—I—I—

Riego. Hold!—Good Diaz;

Rather should I crave thine, thus to interrupt
Thy pleasing studies. [*Takes the book.*]

Ah! what theme can Rome’s

Grave annalist have found that thus hath touched thee?

Diaz. One might touch hearts of stone: Lucretia’s wrongs—

Riego. Aye, wrongs indeed: enough to call the blush
To manhood’s cheek, and rouse a slave to vengeance.

Diaz. No slave was Brutus:—nor the fool he seemed.

Riego. But had he been the craven fool he feigned,
The shock had roused him from his idiot sleep,
Upon his darkened brain poured a strange light,
And thawed the icy current of his heart.

Diaz. Had Brutus faltered in his stern resolve,
Señor, O think, what had Rome been!

Riego. What had

She been? Behold her now! Like Spain, the slave
Of monks! But nobly he redeemed his pledge;
Stript from the tyrant-race the regal robe,
And levelling in the dust their guilty throne,
Taught Freemen to abjure the sway of Kings.

Diaz. Spain hath her Tarquin too!

Riego. Worse, worse: a wretch

In power, himself the slave of appetites
More vile than cursed Rome’s brutal tyrant.

Diaz. Yet Spain hath sons as brave as Brutus: would
That one like Brutus might be roused to right
Her wrongs.

Riego. There’s no true Spanish heart

But echoes back thy prayer. But think not Diaz
The spirit of our Fathers yet extinct.

On Ferdinand’s hands still moist the blood of men
Who nobly strove to break his iron sceptre.

Young as thou art thy morning dawned
Upon their valiant deeds and glorious martyrdom.

Diaz. My father?—say, my loved—lost father—was
Not he among them?

Riego. Aye! Their life their leader:
And never bolder chief drew sword from scabbard.

Diaz. He perished!—but 'twas for his country.

Riego. Perished!

Say rather liveth in immortal glory.

Diaz. Speak of my honored Father;
I've learned from good old Roque, how at dead
Of night he marched through drifting snows; how by
His guide betrayed, he fell amid the slain,
Nor woke till fast enchained in deep dark dungeon.
[Roque here stops: we join our tears and sobs:
Overwhelmed with grief he strives to end the tale:]
But how my father died his trembling lips
Ever refused to tell.

Riego. Roque stood by him
To the last, and from the fangs of monks and vultures
Snatched his unburied corse.

Diaz. O brave old heart!
Never he spoke of that. Ah! tell me all;—
All, Señor, tho' it pierce me to the soul.

Riego. Ere long that sad, yet grateful task be mine:
With thee to contemplate his manly virtues;
His valiant deeds: O! would that memory
Might dwell on these, forgetful of the scene
Which closed his bright career, when, like brave Lacy,
By Ferdinand betrayed to chains and death!

Diaz. Yet Ferdinand lives! Should not the thought
Cause Porlier's blood to boil in Diaz's veins,
And redden his cheek with shame?

Riego. On Porlier's friend
Rest that reproach, if ought be due, who still
Hath spared a forfeit life, to stay the flow
Of worthier blood. Thy tender age, my Diaz—

Diaz. Señor, that plea no more avails; this day
I stand enrolled a soldier of the State.

Riego. Thy birth-day! Sooth, it had escaped my memory.

Diaz. But thou hast not forgot my birth-day gift?

Riego. Thy father's sword? [*Rings.*] Old Roque holds
it for thee.

Diaz. I know, and oft have I assisted him
To keep its polished metal free from rust.

Enter Roque.

Riego. Give Diaz his father's sword.

Roque. And regimentals, Señor?

Riego. The chest and its contents. All, are his.

Diaz. Ah, good old soul, to think of that.

[*Embraces him fondly.*]

Come, come. [*Going—returns.*]

Señor, when thou shalt march to meet the French,
May I be with thee?

Riego. Aye, nearest my heart,
In camp, and on the battlefield! 'Twill seem
As though my Porlier stood again beside me,
To aid our country's cause.

Diaz. No prouder lot
Could he have asked of Heaven for Diaz—Señor,
One favor more; old Roque—O I do
Believe 'twould break his heart were I to leave him.

Riego. Leave Roque! No; he was thy father's friend
And faithful comrade, to his dying day,
And shall be thine.

Diaz. Ah! Roque, hear'st thou that?

Roque. Thou'st won a suit I feared to ask. Thanks, thanks.

Diaz. No thanks: as much I sued to serve myself as thee.
My sword, my sword.

[*Exit Diaz and Roque.*]

Riego. How daily in his breast spontaneous spring,
The virtues that adorned his noble sire.
Did riper years but brace his youthful arm,
No bolder champion Spain need ask, to prop
The cause her Porlier hallowed with his blood.

Enter DONA THERESA, unobserved: she touches RIEGO.

Doña Theresa. [*Sighs.*] Thou'rt sad! Riego,
That cloudy brow tells of some anxious thought.

Riego. A fleeting shade thy smile shall soon dispel.

Doña The. O! Come with me, and in our favorite haunt,
All sterner cares forego. Come! Come! Ah me!
Some spirit whispers me, there was a time—
Some short moons since—one happy hour above
The rest, thy heart may guess—when not in vain
Had poor Theresa sued. Rememberest thou that hour?

Riego. Thou doubt'st it not?—More freshly than the last.

Doña The. In El Retiro's wildest walk, we strayed,—
Alone—scarce conscious that around us Night
Had thrown her friendly veil. The Star of Faith,
With fixed eye, o'er Buytrago's height
Looked down; looked down and smiled—

Riego. To view a sight
Lovelier than Buytrago's glittering peak:—
Affection's crystal gem; pure as the mine
From whence it sprang; more brilliant than the ray
That lit it up; spangling thy cheek, till brushed
By my rude lip away.

Doña The. Not rude, but murmuring
Soft vows of constancy, enduring as

The hills which rose above:—Forget'st thou that?

Riego. Sooner those hills shall dip their snowy plumes
In Manzanares' rill, or his scant stream
O'erleap their towering heads. Still, as in that
Fond hour, throb not our hearts in unison?

Doña The. So mine will think; then wond'ring asks, why
kept

A stranger to the pangs that rend thy bosom?

Ah! if thy sad Theresa seem o'er earnest—

Riego. Why then 'twere but a grateful proof of what
Needs none. But think! Our country smoking with
Her children's blood;—our friends beset by spies,
Knowing no safety but in mutual faith:—

Think well of this:—then say, would my Theresa—

Doña The. Nay; She would have her husband guard his
secret

Even against the bribery of love.

Riego. Thou dost forgive me then?

Doña The. Love, honor thee the more,
If that might be, for thy unswerving truth.

Riego. Could I prove false to friendship, thou should'st be
The first to spurn my broken faith;—for 'tis
From thee I take lessons of constancy.

Doña The. O! sweet is praise from thy too flattering lips.
Blest lot! To win thy smile, and on this breast
Pillow the griefs that sadden thine. [*Bell rings.*]
Hark! hark!

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. A begging Friar, all the way from Pampeluna;—

Riego. Tidings, I trust, from Mina: Show him hither.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Doña The. This poor traveler will need refreshment.

[*Exit Doña Theresa.*]

Enter MINA disguised as a Friar.

Riego. Ah! Mina! Welcome! welcome to Madrid.

[*Embracing.*]

And to my heart. But why this odious garb?

Mina. My passport to your monk-beleaguered city.

Riego. And is it not, my friend, a damning proof
Of our degenerate state, that honest men
Must skulk in masks, while knaves, notorious knaves,
In Heaven's broad light walk unreprieved?

Mina. Treachery fast weaves her web around us:

Riego. But think'st thou, Mina, Spain will still confide
In Ferdinand's broken oaths?

Mina. No, Señor, no:

A noble spirit reigns, resolved to find
Some surer guarantee for freemen's rights,
Than faith in faithless rulers. 'Tis of this,
I come to speak.

Riego. Of all Spain's perils—and hopes :—
Speak, Señor, freely.

Mina. Much upon our feuds
The Serviles count, but most on French battalions
That like an evening storm, now sweep o'er Spain.

Riego. They'll raise in turn a hurricane shall drive
Their columns back tho' denser than the hosts
That blasted Egypt!

Mina. It is fit we look
Our danger in the face. The home-bred traitor,
The foreign foe, the sinner and the saint,
Daily invoke Heaven. Earth and Hell, to fix
On Spain a yoke more galling e'en than that
Thou and thy comrades loosed.

Riego. Who may such dread catastrophe avert
If not her faithful Mina?

Mina. Thou, Riego—
The man of Arcos and Cabezas : raise
Once more the Charter of our rights, and give
To rescued Spain a name like Washington's
To bless and honor.

Riego. Dear the friend who thus would gild
My humble name : O doubly dear, could he
But teach me how to earn a glory next
To Heaven, the highest bliss man's heart could ask.
The means? The means?

Mina. A just and glorious cause ;
Riego's valiant arm and magic name—

Riego. His sword,—and life,—and soul,—all, all are
Spain's.

Mina. What needs she more? save the stout hearts and
true,

Who only ask that thou shouldst lead them on?

Riego. O! Glorious lot! Leader of the brave!
Battling for Right!—But—Pardon—Pardon me ;
I do repent the hasty pledge—'Twas selfish.

Mina. Selfish?

Riego. Presumptuous! Rash!

Mina. Thou'lt not refuse!—
What!—Foremost to confront thy country's enemies?
I'll not believe it; tho' Hell's swarthy Monk
Did head them. What heart, true to our cause, could shrink?

Riego. The best, the bravest, Mina, well might pause
To assume a trust fraught with his country's fate,

Whilst generous friends far worthier—

Mina. Hold! None worthier:
Thy friends will proudly share thy toils, thy glory—
Riego's faithful soldiers: if thou wilt,
His Brothers; 'Tis thy country calls.

Riego. She ne'er can call in vain on her Riego.

Mina. There spoke her son.

Riego. Whose title none shall doubt
While Mina owns him as a Brother. [*Takes his hand.*]

Mina. A sterner proof her need exacts. But I
Must haste to give our friends the joyous pledge
That soon they shall embrace their chief.

Riego. The place?

Mina. Beneath the lofty elms that skirt
The Prado's midmost walk—in guise like this.
Adieu! Adieu!

Riego. Adieu, my friend. [*Exit Mina.*]

RIEGO, *Solus.*

This day against unhappy Spain, once more
A son uplifts his paricidal hand.
O Father! Turn the unnatural steel aside;
Or if in blood 'tis fated to be dyed,
From her loved breast let mine avert its aim,
And spare thy Heavens a scene of guilt and shame.

[*Exit.*]

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

*The Tambour Hall. A table with a Chair of State at one end—
On the table a case containing the Virgin's Embroidered Robe.*

Enter CHAMORRO, with the Crown and Robe.

Chamorro. Well, now only suppose His Majesty, Don Fernando, carried off, as one of these days he certainly will be, by His Majesty Don Diablo; who shall wear this pretty head-piece? *The King's brother Carloe, of course, say the monks; but the Liberals and the soldiers say no.* The most serene Infant wont do. *Our loving Consort, says Majesty; a mere woman! to order us courtiers of the bed chamber to shave off our mustachios, and metamortify us into waiting maids. No! Queens can't be Kings; so that's settled. Who comes next? He that's next nearest, says I. And who's that? The favorite. Not Chamorro, says you. And why not? Who stands, or lies nearer Majesty day or night? But, says you, the Chamorros have no royal blood. Save you, sir, my name is Don Pedro Collado; and the Collados are as full of the blood royal as Emperor Nap or King Pepe. I have hearn my grand father say that his great grandfather told him that his father's great great grandfather's father was a grandson of Canaan. Royal blood, forsooth! I doubt if there's a single thimbleful in the veins of all the Kings and Queens, and Infants and Infantesses, upon earth, that's pure and unadultrified. But you've no sense; no edification; says you. But I can make a law, that a cross—so X shall stand for "I the King." A King has sense by law; and sense by proxy—and that's enough for any King. All that's wanting to make a King is a crown and robes. [Puts on the crown and robes and struts before a mirror.] Yes! I'll be King by the name of Don Pedro: and then I'll send crowns and robes enough to furnish all the poor suffering Republics of the New World. And I'll send each of them a young Col-lado.*

[He takes the Kings chair and affects to embroider.]

Enter ALAGON, ABISBAL, LADIES, MONKS, &c., bowing obsequiously to CHAMORRO, who keeps his face down.

All. God give your Majesty a thousand years.

Chamorro. *[Raising his head.]* Behold your King!

Courtiers. *[Laughing.]* Ah! King Chamorro!

Others. King fool!

Chamorro. No. King of Fools!

Enter KING FERDINAND, VINUESA and SAEZ.

All. The King! the King! God save your Majesty.

Chamorro. Majesty shall never want a crown while Don Pedro has one to spare. [*Puts crown and robes on the King, who takes his seat.*]

King Ferdinand. [*Pointing to the robe.*] How like ye this?

1st Lady. See there, Carlota! what a beauteous bud!

2nd Lady. O! charming. [*To Courtier.*] Is't not sweet?

1st Courtier. I'Faith—the very odor of the rose!

2d Courtier. A master-piece.

3d Courtier. Perfection, that's the word.

1st Lady. Wherein, Carlota, think'st thou the crowning beauty?

2nd Lady. Now, sooth, I scarce can choose—the truth to nature—

1st Courtier. Nature ne'er painted buds so fair as these.

1st Lady. Now, I should say,—the brightness of the tints.

3d Lady. The warmth, the freshness of the coloring!

King Ferdinand. We'll hear the Count.

Abisbal. Bid me amid

Creation's wonders choose the greatest.—

Several Courtiers and Ladies. Fine!

Abisbal. —That princely genius—

Several Courtiers and Ladies. Hear him!

Abisbal. —That royal fancy—which did first

Conceive the illustrious thought.

Several Courtiers and Ladies. Sublime! Sublime!

King Ferdinand. A well-turned compliment, in sooth: what says good Saez?

Saez. Grand the conception truly, but

It equals not the skill that wrought it out.

Several Courtiers and Ladies. Hear Saez!

Saez. —The master strokes—the magic touch.—

(*Hear! Hear!*)

—The superhuman art—the Godlike power—

Which could from this, [*the needle,*] from these, [*the threads*]

From nothing as it were,

Create a universe of beauties!

Several Courtiers and Ladies. Splendid! Magnificent!

K. Ferdinand. High praise, we own.

1st Courtier. So just withal.

Chamorro. All at fault.

K. Ferdinand. Chamorro wants both eye to see, and tongue

To praise our pious work.

Chamorro. True, mighty King.

K. Ferd. What! True, say'st thou?

Chamorro. Aye; dazzled by its lustre,
And dumb with admiration!

K. Ferd. Rare Chamorro!
Now beat Don Dummy if you can. [*To Saez.*] See Saez
That all goes right without.

[*Exit Saez accompanied by Nuncio.*]

[*To Vinuesa.*] Good Father, thou
Hast given us hope the Virgin will accept
Our simple offering.

Vin. Doubtless, son, 'Tis thou
Alone, most blest of earthly monarchs, who
Hath wrought a gift so precious in her eyes.

K. Ferd. To-day! This day! Ah, can it be? And shall
I yet be spared to see the hour
So long, so brightly pictured to my hope?
The Robe! the Robe! It still doth need a girdle.

1st Lady. What color would your Majesty prefer?

K. Ferd. Let me think:—Black? What say ye?

Courtiers, Ladies. It should be black.

Chamorro. Don Pedro likes it not.

K. Ferd. In sooth, Chamorro, mourning is a dismal sight.
White now, methinks—

Courtiers, Ladies. O! Much better! Clearly! Decidedly!

1st Courtier. Why, we call white the Virgin's color.

2d Courtier. The happiest day of our lives we are clothed
in white.

Chamorro. And geese every day: most happy geese.

1st Monk. The snows from heaven are white.

Chamorro. [*Half aside.*] So are an Old Friar's locks—
beneath his cowl.

K. Ferd. Chamorro's hard to please. After all, blue
most strikes my fancy.

1st Courtier. Now I protest I was just thinking of blue.

2d Monk. 'Tis the very hue of Heaven itself.

K. Ferd. And of sweet Carlota's eye's: [*Aside to second
Lady.*] And there's Heaven in them. [*Aside.*] How charm-
ingly she blushes! It shall be blue.

Ladies, Courtiers. Blue is best: by all means, blue.

1st Courtier. A bright thought; was't not?

Courtiers. Brilliant! Wonderfully brilliant.

K. Ferd. What says Chamorro?

Chamorro. Don Pedro likes it not.

Courtiers. [*Laughing.*] O! wise Chamorro!

K. Ferd. How! Pray will your Sapience make a better
choice?

Chamorro. Freely: for your wise counsellors forget, as
does Majesty, the color ye all like most:—the Queen of
Colors.

1st Courtier. The fool means red.

Chamorro. That's true. [*Points at him.*] The fool means red: Don Pedro means—[*Laughs*—All at fault?

K. Ferd. Say: Speak at once.

Chamorro. [*Showing Gold.*] Behold!

K. Ferd. By our Lady, Chamorro is wiser than ye all. Haste, haste! A girdle of golden tissue.

[*Exit 1st Lady Music without, playing King Ferdinand's march Chamorro runs to a window.*]

Cham. O! Here they come! The Giants are coming! The Giants are coming!

[*The King replaces the robe in the case. The table and chair are removed. Presently enter in procession masked figures of Moors, Egyptians, Gigantic Men and Women, Dwarfs; then dancing boys with hoops and bells, and Exeunt.*]

K. Ferd. Hark! Hear ye the loyal shouts?

[*Shouts without. Long live the absolute King!*]

Re-enter NUNCIO.

Nuncio. Your Majesty

Shall see a sight to make ye proud: a host

Who yearn to greet their King.

K. Ferd. And loyal, think'st thou?

Nuncio. No Rebel yet, they say, hath shown his face.

[*Shouts Down with the Charter! Death! Death to Riego!*]

K. Ferd. There's music in those shouts.

Re-enter SAEZ.

Thy looks speak joyous tidings?

Saez. Too joyous nigh for utterance. The Rebels—

K. Ferd. Ah?

Saez. Scattered like leaves before the hurricane.

K. Ferd. Joy! Victory! Victory! But thou'rt sure of this?

Saez. A rout! A rout!

K. Ferd. All, Saez: quick, tell us all.

Saez. At first seditious cries were faintly heard;

In turn, thy loyal guard loud cheered their Sovereign.

Above the throng, good Vinuesa called

Aloud on all to aid in prayer for Ferdinand

The Beloved. Down at once, the Faithful sunk

On reverential knee. Alone, unmoved,

Stood the proud Liberals, while the daring band

Of Isla flaunted their rebellious flag,

Defying God and man. A signal rose;

Swift on the stiff-necked crew rushed gallant Freyre

Pressing their flying ranks; and still they flee

Before his eager sword.

K. Ferd. O! Day of Glory!
Fly, Saez! Bid Alagon complete the work.
Who spares a traitor now, rebels 'gainst Heaven. [*Exit Saez.*]
What thinks your Eminence? Should rebels look
For pardon?

Nuncio. Here nor hereafter. By them
Hell first was peopled. [*Alarms.*]

K. Ferd. Ha! Those dismal cries! [*Alarms.*]
Again! Again! Hear'st thou th' appalling sounds?

Nuncio. To thee, dear son, they're harbingers of safety,
But to thy foes the knell of death.

K. Ferd. See! See!

Enter UGARTE in great terror, without his Cap or Sword.

Ugarte. O! Holy Virgin!—I—have lost—my breath.—
Chamorro. You'll find it with your sword and cap.

K. Ferd. Speak! Speak!—

Ugarte. Blood! Blood! None ever saw more desperate
fight.

Chamorro. None ever saw more desperate fright.

K. Ferd. All routed?—

Ugarte. Routed!—Murdered.—Poor Father Vinuesa!

K. Ferd. What mean'st thou, catiff?

Ugarte. Freyre—pursued—

K. Ferd. I know:—Pursued the rebels. Well!

Ugarte. Nay! Nay! The guard—that is, Riego—Mina—

Enter SAEZ.

K. Ferd. [*To Ugarte.*] Away! Away!—
Ah! Saez, I fear the worst.

Saez. Scarce can I credit now the direful scenes?
My eyes have seen. Poor Father Vinuesa!

K. Ferd. Our good confessor—say! O! What of him!

Saez. Seized by the infuriate mob, of treasonous plot
Accused, his sacred office, loyalty,
And age, marked him for vengeance; low he lies
Beneath the spot where but a moment since
His stifled voice breathed orisons to God.

K. Ferd. We feel his doom as 'twere our own. Haste, Saez!
Bid the rash Duke spare further blood, and hither
Bring back our guard. Haste, Saez!

Saez. Would that he might!
The impetuous Duke——

K. Ferd. Ha! Murdered too?

Saez. Not slain,
But snared by wily foes; their flight a feint

To hem him in. Fierce Mina fast mows down
Our ranks, while desperate Riego hither
Pursues the flying. *[Alarms hard by.]*

K. Ferd. Ah! We're lost! we're lost!
O! Saez! In thee, next Heaven, is all my trust.
[Leans on Saez.]

Enter RIEGO, MORILLO, BANOS, and Soldiers.

CHAMORRO, UGARTE, the Courtiers, Monks and Ladies escape,
crying, Treason! Treason!

Manent SAEZ, the NUNCIO and ABISBAL.

Riego. Secure your prisoner. *[To Baños.]*

[RIEGO advances towards the King, followed by Baños and his Soldiers. MORILLO and his Soldiers remain behind.]

1st Soldier. Death! Death to the Tyrant!

Soldiers. Down! Down with him!

Morillo. Nay! Be that glory mine! *[Advancing.]*

K. Ferd. O! save me, good Riego! Spare my life!

Ruis. He spared not valiant Lacy.

Ferrer. No! Nor the high-souled Porlier. Life for life!

Soldiers. True! Life for life! *[They advance.]*

Riego. *[Throwing himself before them.]* Hold! Hold!

Ferrer. Never before did that brave bosom shield
A foe to freedom.

Morillo. *[Advancing.]* By Santiago! Were my Father's
breast

Sole pass to Ferdinand's heart, I'd pierce it thro'.

[Aims at the King: RIEGO parries the blow and disarms him.]

Riego. Thy fault tho' great, Morillo, finds excuse
In well meant zeal. Spain yet may need thy sword.

[Gives Morillo his sword.]

Morillo. Morillo's sword ne'er failed till now,—foiled by
A friend! By Hell! It burns to wash away,
In blood this first disgrace. Had Mina led,
Our swords e'er now had drained the monster's veins.

K. Ferd. Talk not of swords! There is no need; for now
I know my people's wish, and before Heaven
And them will pledge my royal word to keep
Their chartered law.

Several Soldiers. Death to Ferdinand!

Riego. Aye! Death:—if such the nation's will. Till that
Be known, Baños will answer for his life. *[Baños bows.]*
Morillo's place to keep the servile bands
From hence, and intercept the flying guard.

1st Soldier. Death! Death to bloody Ferdinand!

Several Soldiers. Justice! Justice! for Spain.

Riego. Who here may speak for Spain? Who rail
'Gainst tyranny, and yet so well enact
The tyrant's part? Their will sole arbiter
Of death or life? Who talk of justice; yet
Would in her sacred seat instate mad vengeance?
No! Spaniards! Tyrant, murderer, as he is,
Let us not stain our souls with crimes like his,
And turn to frowns the smiles of Heaven, now gilding
Our noble cause. [*Turns to Morillo.*]

Guard well yon entrance. See

That none approach the King without due passport.

[*To Saez and the Nuncio.*] Your holy lives exempt you
from restraint.

[*To Abisbal.*] Thy counsels, Count, and sword have oft
Maintained our country's need; they'll not fail her now.

[*Abisbal bows haughtily.*]

Soldiers! Brave Spaniards!

Before her Cortes let Spain's faithless King
Answer her stern impeachment. Not for blood:—

'Tis for our country's right we draw the sword:

Remember this, and let your watchword be,
Spain! Our beloved Spain! Redeemed and free!

[*Exeunt Riego, and Soldiers, Band playing Riego's Hymn. Baniños and Soldiers guard the King to the interior of the Palace. Morillo retires sullenly with his soldiers.*]

Manent SAEZ, the NUNCIO, ABISBAL.

Saez. O conscientious! Justice-loving traitor!

O law-revering outlaw!

Nun. But yet merciful withal, thou wilt confess.

Saez. The pink of chivalry!—

I laugh to see the valiant rebel marching

Thus gaily to his doom.

Nun. Rebels are they

Who fail; success makes heroes.

Saez. He hath failed!

Foregone the vantage his rash valor won,

And left unplucked the fruits of victory.

Morillo would have rolled the Monarch's head

Beside his feet, and made rebellion glory.

Nun. Verily, verily, thine is a land of Quixotes.

But I must see the King; he needs some friend

To cheer his drooping spirits.

Saez. 'Tis kindly thought. Come Count, come;
I would have a word with thee.

[*Exeunt; the NUNCIO to the interior of the Palace; SAEZ and ABISBAL towards the inner passage.*]

SCENE II.

An inner Court of the Palace. MORILLO walking to and fro. Presently SAEZ and ABISBAL appear behind a projection of the wall.

Morillo. Fool! Fool! Was it for this we made him chief?
To yield the spoils we battled for,—and won?
Giving our vanquished foe his forfeit life
To take our own? Abisbal's in the right.
Aye! I mistook the Leader and the cause:
Hell take them both! [*Walks on.*]

Saez. Our prize will strike at summons, Count.
[*Aside to Abisbal.*]

Morillo. [*Pausing.*] One blow, and all was ours.
Gone—gone :—
Power, Riches, Empire, bartered off for glory!
A moon-made rainbow! *Hail to the great Deliverer!*
The dauntless chief, who curbed Spain's tyrant king;
Then bared his breast to shield that tyrant from
bloody Morillo. Yes! The blacker they
Paint me, the brighter he shall shine: and here
Stand I, much like a fiend in hell, that's damned
To gaze on angels soaring mid the skies. [*Walks on.*]

Saez. Now's your time. [*Aside to Abisbal.*]

Abisbal. Nay, hark! [*Aside to Saez.*]

Morillo. But that his falcon eye met mine, this sword
Had found a fitter sheath than Ferdinand's breast.
The Turtle-hearted fool! Why, what care I?
Let Ferdinand live: 'tis just his hand prepare
The cup shall recompense his savior's mercy:
Hell's chaldron can supply no hotter draught.

Saez. I leave thee, Count, no dubious work. Make sure
Your grappling. [*Aside to Abisbal.*]

Abisbal. As with hooks of steel. [*Aside to Saez.*]

Saez. Gold! Gold. [*Aside to Abisbal.*]

[*Saez retires: Abisbal advances.*]

Morillo. My charge to arrest all friendly to the King.

Abisbal. From whom?

Morillo. [*With anger.*] From—from the Military Chief.

Abisbal. Riego? And durst he assign Morillo
This catchpole duty?

Morillo. 'Sdeath! But no—thou'rt right;
An Alguazil might do such work as well.

Abisbal. Yet soldiers must obey their seniors, Count.

Morillo. He's not my senior. Death and Hell! Must I
Whose blood bedewed Columbia's distant plains,
Crouch to this new fledged hero, who the while,

Lay nestling in his downy bed. Pass ! Pass !

Abisbal. Kindness to an old friend might cause thee peril.
Pray take my sword : 'twill win Riego's favor.

Morillo. Curse on his favor :—curse upon myself,
That e'er I hearkened to his threadbare cant.

Abisbal. The King knows well 'tis that poisons thy soul.
Ah ! Didst thou know his heart, thou'dst be the first
To free him from the man he most abhors.

Morillo. Methought Riego was the King's best friend,
And chiefest favorite.

Governor, is he not, of all Galicia ?

Abisbal. He spurns the gift, and now 'tis held for one—
Wiser and worthier.

Morillo. Count, could I but think
Our gracious Sovereign would forgive my madness—

Abisbal. Then hear it from himself.

Morillo. I fain would speak
Of this more fully with your Excellency,—
In my own quarters :—What say'st thou ?

Abisbal. Willingly. Thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*SAEZ comes forth meeting the NUNCIO.*]

Saez. How seems the fallen Monarch ?

Nun. Fallen, indeed !

The wretch his mother painted him ; without
One ray of virtue to relieve his blackness.
The very image of despair and terror.

Saez. Yet we must save him, or our fondest hopes
Be crushed with him beneath his tottering throne.

Nun. But say, what means, less than miraculous,
Can Saez find to end his thrall ! The means ?

Saez. Enough ! All means that serve the end ; the same
Which gave our meek society to sway
The sceptre of the earth, and wield the keys
Of Heaven. Come Father, come ; your Eminence
Ere long shall see the mystery solved, and find
Our barque in trim to meet a fiercer storm.
The trusty Pilot of the State who sees
The rising whirlwind in the playful breeze,
Forewarned, forearmed, his helm serenely guides
Thro' starless nights, amid tempestuous tides ;
By hope inspired, beholds beyond the gloom,
The brightening sky its cheering lights relume ;
The winds that waked in wrath the mighty deep,
Soft zephyrs gently fanning it asleep ;
And its broad face a beaming mirror glow,
Showing to the Heavens above, a heaven below.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Hall of the Cortes. The Cortes in session. RIEGO, President near a table on which are books, papers, &c. On one side of him the Secretary; on the other SAN MIGUEL.—Behind is a throne, on which sits KING FERDINAND in the act of taking the oath, which RIEGO is tendering, to support the Constitution. Over the throne is inscribed FERNANDO VII, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. In front of the lower gallery, SOVEREIGNTY RESIDES ESSENTIALLY IN THE NATION. On slabs in letters of gold the names of PORLIER, LACY, ALVAREZ, ALCEVEDO, &c. Separate Tribunes are occupied by the QUEEN, the INFANTS, Officers of Government, Ambassadors, Spectators, &c.

K. Ferd. And if in aught I act counter to what I've sworn, let my commands be disobeyed
And held for naught.

Riego. This thou swearest—by God
And His most holy Gospel.

K. Ferd. I do: and may
That God so help me as I keep my oath. [*Kisses the Book.*]
[*Cries of "Long live the Constitutional King. Long live the free Nation."*]

Señors! Believe me on a monarch's word,
Your cheering voices fill my heart with joy:
Much too I thank you, for the kind concern
Prompts ye to wish I should leave Madrid.
Briefly on that I would consult my council,
And give anon an answer shall content ye.

Riego. Your Majesty, may not the Cortes trust,
In this as all things else, will counsel take
From Spaniards true to Spain? Thus will her King
Compass her welfare, and secure a gem
More brilliant than the eye of Brama's God—
A Nation's Love.

[*The King bows, and preceded by the Queen, &c., retires, amid cries as before. He is met by Saez. The rod is replaced, and the deputies resume their hats and seats.*]

[*To San Miguel.*] Your Excellency will please resume.

San Miguel. [*reads.*] We come as friends, to save you from the pestilence that ravages Spain, and taints with poisonous breath the air of France.—[*a laugh.*—To re-build your altars—to re-establish order, justice and peace. Believe the word of a Bourbon—[*a loud laugh.*]

Ruis [*Aside to Ferrer.*] A Bourbon's word! Why 'tis as good as his oath.

Ferrer. Aye, in France. In Spain when one doth coin an incredible lie, 'this called—a *Bourbon*.

[*RIEGO rings the bell.*]

San Miguel. [*Reads.*] *A faction rules your land—*

Several Members. That's true! True! True!

San Miguel. [*Reads.*] *Spaniards! France wars not with Spain. [Laughter and murmurs.] Sprung from the Bourbon blood I come to free your captive monarch; and rescue Spain from slavery. [A laugh.] That done we seek again our homes, proud to have restored your happiness and honor.*

LOUIS ANTOINE.

Riego. Señors! Ye've heard the high behests of France. Disclaiming war, already she hath forced Bidassoa's neutral stream, and plants her foot Upon the neck of Spain. Like hungry wolves Adown the Pyrenees her legions rush Upon our plains, eager for Spanish blood. A second Bourbon comes to give us law; What honest heart but burns with shame to view A hostile banner flaunting o'er the land That gave him birth! Shame! Tenfold shame On France! whose giddy sons erst seizing Freedom's Torch, fired her holy temple, and would now, Reversing God's great law, wrap th' earth in darkness. Must Spaniards quaff this cup of infamy? Submit to a foreign yoke,—the slaves of slaves— Or will they not, forgetting private griefs, Brother with brother linked, in his own blood Blot out the footsteps of the foe, and teach The meddling Gaul, Spain needs no foreign hand,— And least of all a Bourbon's—to maintain Her freedom or her honor? [*Applause.*]

[*Cries of death to Angoulême! Death to the Bourbons! The President rings.*]

Abisbal. Señors! A hundred thousand bayonets gleam o'er Spain:

Is war a pastime, think ye, to be played 'Gainst numbers thrice our own?

Galiano. Who stops to count His country's foes? Were all who murmur true,

[*Eyes Abisbal.*]

These skipping Gauls would show the morning sun

Their homeward tracks upon the mountain snows.

[*Sev. Voices. True, Galiano, true!*]

Abis. Abisbal's honor

Questioned, here or elsewhere, finds a ready voucher.

[*Touches his sword.*]

Gal. The recreant sword, which leaps not forth to meet
Our country's foes, will never daunt her friends.

Riego. [*Rings.*] Señors! No place is this for broils;
Nor field for swords. Your answer to the Duke.

Ruis. What need of answer? Rather let us tear
The canting manifesto into shreds!

Then trample it beneath our feet—full in
His envoy's face—and send him back to tell
His master. [*Cheers.*]

Ferrer. Nay, best use the trashy stuff
As wadding for our cannon, and so make
It carry its own answer; it will go
The quicker. [*Cheers.*]

Sev. Voices. Good! Good! Right! Ferrer! Right!

Abis. Señors, this is no time for jests.
Nor will these air-gun pellets fright the French.

Ballesteros. The Duke still proffers peace: why spurn
his friendship?

Why doubt his royal word?

Arguelles. I fear, my friends,
Ye're rash with our good King's good Cousin and Brother.
Hath he not led his *Cordon Sanitaire*
Across our snowy barrier, here,—into
The very midst of pestilence,—to fright
It off with guns and trumpets? [*A laugh.*]
How doubt a Bourbon's word, who know them all
Mirrors of Truth and Honor? Mark ye; *France*
Wars not with Spain—Why, no! She doth but send
Her hundred thousand bayonets to ensure
Our peace: her hundred thousand slaves to teach us
Freedom. Aye! She would rescue Spain from—Spaniards,—
And give her to the care of Gauls and Calmucks.
But why this vile hypocrisy expose?
'Tis Liberty, my friends! that, that's the pest
These holy allies dread—what tyrant doth not?
Yet; spite of open foe and prudent friends.

[*Eyeing Abisbal.*]

Spain shall be free. Let the proud Bourbon come!
When France appeals to her crusading Saint,
Spain shall invoke her God—the God of Justice—
Who crowned her arms at Roncesvaux and Quentin.

[*Loud cheers from the Liberals. Several members of the
King's party rise to speak.*]

Enter a messenger closely followed by SAEZ, who stops near the entry and beckons ABISBAL. They converse apart. The messenger hands a packet to RIEGO, who reads it with intense interest, while ARGUELLES is speaking.

Messenger. From Don Francisco Mina. [Exit.]

Riego. Señor, proceed.

Arguelles. Shall I then paint our country as she is!
Rent by intestine feuds, while, blasting sight!
Outlaws, numerous as the sands of ocean,
Invade her Old Dominion, trampling down
Her flag, the dread of tyrants, and would fasten
On her, O bitterest curse that e'er befel
A people,—foreign rule.

Loud murmurs: Death to Angoulême! Down with the Bourbons! The President rings.

Enter a Messenger, who hands a paper to the Secretary, and
[Exit.]

Secretary. A message from the King.

Riego. The Royal message takes precedence.

Secretary. [Reads.] Señors: I have weighed your reasons for my leaving Madrid. My health, my conscience and the love I bear my people forbid me to comply. Of aught else I would confer, if need there be, through trusty Saez.

I THE KING. [Great murmurs.]

Several Members. A fetch! A trick!

Ferrer. The King's old malady; 'tis named *The Gallomania*.

Galiano. 'Tis madness. The Charter doth provide a cure, and that I now propose. [Hands a paper.]

Secretary. [Reads.] Señor Galiano proposes *That the King be declared in a state of moral disability, and his functions devolved on a regency.*

Many Voices. Agreed! A Regency! A Regency!

Riego. Señors, let not our Ruler's mad caprice
Drive us to rash resolves. Let Ferdinand
Be cited to the Nation's Hall to justify
His ill-advised defiance of their wish.

Abisbal. Say he disdains your summons, but would freely
Speak his mind thro' Saez, his favored servant.

Many Voices. No! No!

Ruis. We want no Jesuit Pleader here
To varnish guilt with Holy Oil. Let Ferdinand
Speak for himself.

Abisbal. What traitor dare stand forth,
To charge his lawful Prince with aught for which
His facetious subjects may call him to account?

RIEGO descends from the chair which is taken by GENER.

Riego. If truth be treason, mark me down a traitor :
And be my head the first upon the block. [*Great applause.*]
A Turk,—a knouted Russ,—would blush to own
The creed our Ruler and his serfs promulge.
Not obsolete, thank Heaven, the lessons they
Deride. Still—from above—the Thunderer sounds
His awful edict—*blood for blood*—and Earth
Responds. England struck off a Stuart's head,
And France a Bourbon's ; yet were Charles and Louis
Patterns of excellence compared with one—

Serviles. Treason ! Treason !

Liberals. Hear him ! Hear him !

Riego. A Monster—[*Great confusion ; GENER rings.*]
A heartless, faithless, bloody Monster—
[*cries of Treason ! Treason !*]

Whose guiltier heart invokes a foreign foe
To make her lovely plains one sea of blood.

[*Cries of Treason ! Order ! Name him ! Gener rings violently.*]

Riego. I paint a wretch without a soul : Let him
Who will, find out the likeness.

Saez. Name him ;—name him :

Riego. His name doth stare thee in the face. [*Points to
inscription. Great confusion : cries of Treason ! Brave
Riego !*]

Gener. [*Rings.*] Señors, this tumult must not be allowed.
Members will take their seats. [*All sit.*]

Abisbal. Nay, let the storm howl on.

Invectives must not pass for proof.

Your proofs ; your proofs !

Riego. And stunning proofs they are.

[*Holds up the packet.*]

Liberals. Hear ! Hear Riego !

Riego. Say rather hear the witness Providence
Hath sent, to vouch a treachery well nigh
Passing belief ; to tell us of a King,
A Spanish King who would betray his country
To invading enemies.

Abisbal. And who shall vouch the voucher ?

Riego. The King's sign manual ; the attesting seals
See ! Of Don Victor Saez, and Louis Antoine.
Señors, you'll bear me witness, that so far
'Midst Ferdinand's worst excesses, I have upheld
His throne's just powers : he leaves us now no choice.
My friend was right ; a moral impotence

Unfits the King to wield the Nation's sceptre.
He must be unkinged, or Spain must fall.

[Great applause.

[RIEGO resumes the chair.]

Riego, Señors! Debate is closed. The question is
Shall a Regency preside o'er Spain? Your votes.—
All who concur say *Aye!* [Many ayes.] Those who disagree,
say *No!* [A few noes.]
'Tis carried. Valdes, Ciscar, Vigodet,
Will form the Regency.
The Cortes stands dissolved.

[The deputies disperse. Confused cries in the streets of "Live
the Regency!" "Long live Riego!" Presently "Live
the King!" "The absolute King!"

RIEGO is met by MINA at the door, watched by SAEZ. Shouts
continue, "Long live the King!"

Mina. Hark! Hear ye that, my friend? The King grows
strong,
With every league the Duke gains on Madrid.

[Shouts without. "The Inquisition!" "The absolute King!"
"Death to Riego!" "Death to the Nation!"

Ha! Hearken to thy doom and Spain's.

Riego. Truly, my friend, all dark appears her doom
And ours. Yet may her valiant sons and yon
Fast gathering storm confound her legions
And usher in the dawn of her deliverance.
Or else, my friend, a happier lot be ours,
With her to perish rather than survive
Her degradation. Let us to our posts.
Diaz shall give you notice of my march.

Mina. My eager Narvarresse our promise claim
To meet half way the nimble-footed apes
Who have already scaled the Guadarrama.

Riego. At break of day we meet near Alcovendas:
And ere a second dawn shall brighten up
Old Buitrago's brow, haply may give
Our loving guests such greeting as shall honor
Spanish hearts.

[Takes MINA'S arm and exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace, Enter KING FERDINAND, and CHAM-
ORRO bearing the crown and robes. They are met by
Monks, Ladies, Courtiers, &c.

All. God save your Majesty! Long live our King!
Ugarte. Heaven gives thee back in safety to thy throne.

K. Ferd. Safe! Say victorious: all Madrid did greet
Our triumph. Heard ye not the shouts?

1st Courtier. No voice did cheer more loudly than my own.

2d Courtier. Heard yet not one above the rest, *Long live Our King?* 'Twas mine.

Second Monk. *Spain's absolute King! Death to the Nation!* Such My shout which drowned the rest.

Ugarte. But soon was lost
When in yet louder tones, *Down with the Charter!*
Death to Riego? thundered from my lips,
And straight was echoed by a thousand tongues.

Cham. Don Pedro spied ye all, amid the crowd
Burrowing like mice, 'till sudden rose the cry,
Riego comes! and then ye scampered off.

Pshaw! God ne'er made Grandees nor Monks for soldiers.

K. Ferd. [*laughs*] I hear the rebel dogs talked saucily.
Chains, dungeons, scaffolds—

Cham. Right! Right!

K. Ferd. Right!—Art mad?

Cham. 'Twas right! For then Don Pedro had been King.

K. Ferd. [*Lauhs heartily.*] God keep your Majesty.

Cham. Would Majesty become the crown and robes,
Let him take patern from Don Pedro.

[*All laugh.*]

Enter SAEZ and the NUNCIO.

Saez. God keep your Majesty a thousand years!

Nuncio. Thy cheerful looks rejoice our hearts.

K. Ferd. Thanko; and welcome to ye both.

Nuncio Good Saez and I have much to excuse this rude
intrusion. Speak, Saez.

Saez. This night the rebels meditate a daring plot—

K. Ferd. [*Alarmed.*] To-night! This dismal night!

Saez. Their purpose to surprise the Duke—

A moment since they were about to leave their camp.

K. Ferd. Ah! then the rebel dogs will quit Madrid—

But say—this way they take their march. Again
To seize our person. Ha! This open hall invites attack.

Ugarte. The hold within the town were far more safe.

Alarms without. Riego! Riego!

Cham. [*Runs to the door.*] Hear that! Hear that! The
cry is, "*Riego comes.*"

K. Ferd. The tower! the tower!

[*He flies; the rest follow.*]

Cham. [*Laughs.*] Ha! Ha!—A gallant leader and a
valiant troop.

[*Struts out with the crown and robes.*]

SCENE III.

The country near Madrid; on one side a Sentinel on guard, on the other, in the background, the Pavilion and Camp of BALLESTEROS.

Enter ABISBAL from the Pavilion; he meets MORILLO. MINA, unperceived by them, advances in disguise and enters the Pavilion.

Morillo. What says Ballasteros?

Abisbal. O! Full of scruples; talks of reputation—old friendships—and such stuff.

Morillo. He's a poor devil! He will not join us?

Abisbal. No; but hath pledged his word not to aid Riego.

Morillo. That's much. A half-way villain! He will not cut his friends' throats, but will stand by and see it done. That fellow, Abisbal, would rifle a hen-roost, but fear to rob a church: forfeit Heaven, and yet not grasp enough to buy two masses for his soul. For me, I had as lief be damned for doubloons as for coppers. But come, our time is short. Honest Ballesteros! Pah! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter from the Pavilion MINA and BALLESTEROS.

Mina. 'Tis not too late: I beg thee, Ballesteros, Blast not our hopes—and thy own honest name.

Balles. My dear Mina, 'tis a hopeless cause.

Mina. Let us then not survive it in disgrace.

Balles. Thou hast done enough for Honor and for Spain; Let me now make thy peace, and save a friend Loved as a brother.

Mina. Peace with my country's enemies? With her apostate sons? Never! He were No friend would urge it; nor could I be his.

Balles. Then here we part. Would—from my soul—
'twere otherwise.

Mina. Thou wilt have it so.

Balles. May it not be as friends? [*Offers his hand.*]

Mina. The hand that's given to the foes of Freedom grasps Not mine. From this dark hour a gulf divides us; Heaven teach us to forget we once were friends.

[*Exeunt opposite ways.*]

SCENE IV.

A room in RIEGO's house. Enter DIAZ dressed in a military suit; admiring his sword: presently enter RIEGO.

Riego. Dost prize that sword?

Diaz. O Señor, as my life:

Oft ere to-day my tongue hath burned to ask it.
A true Toledo?

Riego. So thy father proved it.

Mina. Dear, dear remembrancer! [*Kisses it*] that daily
shalt

Remind me of his wrongs, and aid me to avenge them.

[*A tear falls on the blade.*]

Here seems an ugly stain. I'll rub it off. [*Rubs it.*]

Riego. Our soldiers now are furbishing their arms:

Bid Roque help thee brighten thine.

Diaz. I will, I will.

[*Exit DIAZ. RIEGO looks earnestly after him.*]

Riego. How like his father in the flower of youth,
When like a felon dragged to shameful death—

[*A shriek within: presently enter DONA THERESA in great af-
fright as though pursued. A lamp in her hand still smo-
king.*]

Doña The. Off! Off! Away! Ah! Now I am safe.

[*Extends her arms to RIEGO, who supports her.*]

Riego. What thus

Alarms thee, Love? Say! Speak!

Doña The. I saw him plainly—

Plainly as I now see thee.

Riego. Whom? Saw'st whom?

Doña The. Twice, twice! once in my slumber,—if indeed
I slept; and, if I sleep not still,—but now.

Riego. Thou'rt much disturbed: thy heart still tosses
wildly.

Doña The. The swell of the by-gone tempest: soon 'twill
cease.

In this its happy haven. Ah! a moment—
I heard—or thought I heard—a well known voice
Gently repeat my name. Methought I woke:—
And straight before me stood the Marquesito—

Riego. The Marquesito?—

Doña The. Aye! Thy murdered friend.

So much himself he looked; so mildly spake;

I felt no fear. *I come*, said he, *Theresa*,

To warn thee of thy husband's danger. Haste!

Entreat him to delay his perilous schemes:

Else may my fate be his. Saying this,

He waved his hand and disappeared. Ah then—

Riego. Come! Be thyself. I fear thou art not well.

Doña The. I know thy thought:

Am I Theresa? Art thou not Riego?

Hear all; then say if thou deem'st me crazed.

By this sad vision roused at dead of night —
 Thou absent still—fearing to stir, yet more
 Afraid to stay—I fled my lonely chamber,
 And at the door, with open eyes, beheld
 The self same figure haunted me in sleep.
 He wore the dress that graced his youthlike form
 That day he marched for Santiago, leaving
 His sad Josefa and his precious Diaz,
 Never to see them more. He passed me by
 As though he knew me not, his eye intently
 Fixed on his naked sword. I ran; I flew,—
 My lamp extinguished,—and in fancy heard
 His steps fast following mine. My brain indeed
 Is crazed, or else it was my noble kinsman;
 'Twas Porlier's self.

Riego. It was;—[*She starts*] his second self;
 The living Porlier,—in form and feature, aye
 In every noble attribute of soul,
 The image of his sire. 'Twas him thou met'st,
 Wearing his father's sword and dress, by me
 Till now, a sacred trust, for him reserved.

Doña The. Had I but known of this! Dolt that I was,
 My fancy dwelt alone on murdered Porlier:—
 The man, the warrior chief. Forgive my weakness.

Riego. Nay, Love, we scarce can deem it an illusion.
 Still let us think 'twas our departed friend,
 Surviving in his son to avenge his country's
 Injuries and his own.

Doña The. [*Sighing deeply*] A thorny path
 I fear must yet be trod by him and thee.
 Ah! My Riego! Say! Should evil chance
 Be thine, whrt refuge for lost Theresa?

Riego. Come! Come! Banish the groundless terrors night
 Hath conjured up when all should glow with hope
 And happiness. Shall I recount our blessings?

Doña The. Ah! Grant them all our hearts could ask:—
 of what

Are we assured but their loss? [*A knock.*] Hark! Hark!
 What can this dreadful summons mean?

Enter ROQUE who hands a sealed to RIEGO.

Riego. [*Aside.*] From Mina! [*reads it.*]
 Roque, my sword:—ad thine: meet me in the Hall.
 [*ROQUE bows, and exit.*]

Doña The. Thou'lt not go forth to-night?—'Tis late and
 stormy.

Riego. A call no Spaniard may refuse.
 Ere the day dawn perchance I may return.

Doña The. *Perchance*; [*Sighs.*] Faithful Old Roque will
be with thee?

Riego. He shall:—Seek thou our chamber, Love: sweet
rest,

And happier dreams attend thy couch. Good night.

[*Embraces her, and exit.*]

Doña The. When, when shall happy dreams again be
mine?

We mark the flowing current of our thoughts,

But may as easily check the mountain flood.

Ah me! That warning voice! That warning voice!

Reason may hold our terrors vain: yet Fear

O ermasters Reason, and still shakes our hearts.

Ah! What is Reason but a faithless guide,

The slave of Fancy, and the child of Pride;

Who boldly leads us on to Danger's gate,

Then like a coward flies, and leaves us to our fate. [*Exit.*]

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*The Country near Madrid. On one side a Sentinel on guard.
In the background the Camp of MINA.*

Enter DIAZ hastily.

Sentinel. Who goes there? Stand! The watchword?

Diaz. Arcos and Cabezas. Is Mina still in camp?

Sentinel. Just on the move; I may now leave my post.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Banqueting Hall in the Palace; KING FERDINAND, SAEZ, and the NUNCIO, at a table with wine, papers, &c., looking over a map. CHAMORRO at a side-table.

K. Ferd. It seems a miracle. [*Points to the map.*]

Saez. Two centuries Spain withstood the power of Rome—

K. Ferd. I know; and foiled Great Cæsar Africanus.

Cham. By Saint Dominic! That Cæsar Capricornus lived to a marvelous good old age.

Saez. —In two short weeks Louis Antoine speeds like
An arrow through the heart of Spain.

Cham. Like Cupid's arrow, free from ugly stain.

Nuncio. —But yesterday in Paris—to-morrow in Madrid.

Saez. —Without one drop of Spanish blood to tinge
The snowy plumes adorn his brow.

K. Ferd. The more the miracle.

Nun. The greater too the glory.

K. Ferd. I vow our Cousin of Angoulême should rank
Among the greatest captains of the earth:—
Superior to Napoleon.

Nun. Oh! Incomparably.

Cham. Nap was a bloody dog; our Cousin was wise
To bring a hundred thousand men
And catch the rebels as it were asleep.

Nun. —A Christian conqueror;
May God a thousand, thousand years preserve
The champion of His Church, and Spain's old throne—

K. Ferd. With all my heart I pledge thee.

Cham. Right; right—Nap was no christian. He would
fight against odds—one to ten—our wiser Cousin, never with
less than ten to one. Don Pedro drinks, *The Bloodless Con-
queror!*

[*Tragala sung near the Palace.*]

K. Ferd. [*Sighing.*] This scoffing serenade
Comes as a blast to chill my soul.
It spoils our mirthful banquet, mocking loud
The storm's ill-boding voice, and war's dread thunders!
Ah! think! The valiant Duke, our only hope, this night
May fall, struck down by ambushed rebels!

Saez. A swifter fate shall cut the plotters off.

K. Ferd. But say the wild French legions catch from ours
The foul infection Spain first caught from France—
Hungering for Bourbon blood!

Saez. The God that sends
Those legions forth to rescue thee, hath filled
Their hearts with zeal! Faith too is theirs,
All conquering Faith. The Bourbon prophecy
Is now fulfilled! *Henceforth there no are Pyrenees.*
Yes! Yes! Eternal justice hath ordained
That France, regenerate France, out of whose cup
Nations have drunken and are mad, shall fly
O'er Spain with healing in her wings, to cure
The frenzy she hath caused.

Nuncio. Ah! *Saez!* The dream!
Thy golden dream! Hail ever blessed Mary!

All. Hail Blessed Mary!

K. Ferd. That happy thought was rising in my mind;
Our son shall hear his vows, his foes confound,
And bless him with a long and prosperous reign.
Visions more strange than this have come to pass.

Saez. Who doubts that Heaven in dreams reveals its will
Doubts Holy Writ. Who says—*I will dream to-night.*
I'll dream of this or that; or Lo! I dream?
Uncalled by us, when all our mortal faculties
Lie quelled by Sleep's brief death, the Angelic Hosts,
Evil or good, hover around our couch
And hold free converse with our kindred spirits.
Can man create new worlds, fill them with strange
And ever changing shapes, now fair as angels,
Anon more monstrous, and uncouth than e'er
His eye beheld? Is it of our mere will
We rove thro' boundless regions, veering swift
To every point marked down in Time's old compass?
Past, present, future? Live in one short moment
Ages of misery or bliss? Behold,
Youth's sunny brow blanched o'er with sudden snows,
And Age rejoicing in his auburn locks?
Bring back the absent and the dead, and moved
At their discourse, responsive laugh and weep
As tho' they stood beside us? No, no—'tis
The handiwork of God.

K. Ferd. It must be as thou sayest: the golden dream will be fulfilled.

All. Hail blessed Mary!

Saez. I go, and trust ere morn to bring thee tidings Even brighter than our hopes.

K. Ferd. Go, go; good Saez. *Exit SAEZ.*
Never with truer friend was monarch blest:
Not my own mother loved me more.

Cham. Don Pedro knows that.

K. Ferd. We'll drink his health.

Nunc. Heaven, many years preserve thy good Confessor!

Cham. Good Confessor. All one as say good Satan.

K. Ferd. Health, health to Saez!

Henceforth Prime Minister of Spain. [*All drink.*]

Cham. Over Don Pedro's head. I'll join the church.

Nunc. That thought was prompted from above.

Cham. That's a mistake; 'twas prompted from—[*Points downwards,*] *there*: by good Father Satan—thro' good Father Saez. Yes, I'll join the church: that's the road in Spain for saint or sinner, who seek the precious things of Heaven, and would gather as they go the choicest fruits of earth. Yes, yes: I'll be a Monk; *Father Pedro: Good Father Pedro—*

K. Ferd. What mutterest, Chamorro?

Cham. Don Pedro said Majesty was right: Good Father Saez should be our Minister of State. Were he to say to me, *Don Pedro thou shalt be a Duke*, the coronet would be on my head to-morrow. [*King and Nuncio laugh.*] He knows all that passes here on earth; and *there*; [*Points downwards,*] and well he may: for they have been seen together.

K. Ferd. Who! Saez and—

Cham. —And—[*Points below,*] It's a true story; true as—as Don Victor's dream. Yes, it's all in print: a first rate mel-low-dram. 'Tis called, *The Devil in Ambush, or The Monk and The Maiden*. See! [*Takes it from his pocket.*] Here it is. [*Reads.*] *Scene the first. The Royal confessional: Doña Carlota at the Lattice—*

K. Ferd. Carlota? Ah! Your Eminence, she hath an eye bright as this Burgundy. Well? Well?—

Cham. Don Victor on his knees before Doña Carlota—Satan hard by:— [*King and Nuncio laugh.*]

Re-Enter SAEZ.

Nun. [*Aside to the King.*] In time to mar our jest.

K. Ferd. Ah! Saez! Thy name's still on our lips.

Cham. Don Pedro and Majesty spoke of Satan—and—thou knowest the proverb—

Saez. Peace! Trifler! Off! [*Bows smiling to the King.*]

K. Ferd. Go, good Chamorro; we'll have thy jest another time.

Cham. Take care, Majesty! I smell sulphur.

[*Exit holding his nose.*]

Saez. [*Bowing again.*] Might I without offence, dare speak my thought?

K. Ferd. Thy thoughts are ever kind—Pray speak them freely.

Saez. Then I would say, dismiss that vulgar Moor.

Thy subjects deem it ill becomes their King

To make so low a creature his associate—

K. Ferd. What, what? Audacious medlers! No, no, Saez,

In State concerns, when perils beset the throne,

Thou, thou alone shalt be my friend and guide.

But when Chamorro doffs my Crown and Robes,

His merry jests beguile else tedious hours—

Nor would I change them for King Solomon's proverbs.

No more of this. Thy tidings from the war?

Saez. All we could ask. Mina outflanked—the corps

Of Isla, headed by Riego, hemmed

Around by Bessieres and Morillo—

K. Ferd. [*Laughs.*] Bessieres—the Barcelona Rebel?

Saez. Our fire-new convert; now a very Dominic,

With burning zeal to scourge the sins he shared.

Warned of Riego's march they struck their tents,

And reckless of the storm press on to meet them.

K. Ferd. 'Twixt Bessieres and Morillo.

Saez. The morrow dawns upon his ruin.

K. Ferd. Bring that to pass, and our Prime Minister

Shall don the scarlet cap, tho' it may eost

The brightest jewel of my crown. Thinks not,

Your Eminence, he would become it well?

Nun. Aye; and as well Saint Peter's chair.

K. Ferd. 'Twas wise to set the rebel dogs of France

And Spain to cut each other's throats. But come,

Your Eminence must need repose. For me,

Impatient for the dawn, I seek my couch;

Not for dull sleep, but joy-inspiring thought

Brighter than brightest vision ever brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Between the Camps of RIEGO and MINA.

Distant Thunder and Lightning: Noise of a Combat hard by: Voices within: "Surrender!" "Seize him!" "Seize him!" Combat continues. Voices again. "Our Sergeant's slain!"

Enter MINA and DIAZ, both wounded; MINA assisting DIAZ.

Mina. Aye! Tell your Duke his Sergeant's sent as Envoy To Hell's Legitimate. Thou'rt badly hurt.

Diaz. I fain would rest—a moment.

Mina. Do, do; meanwhile I'll stanch this blood: sit here.

Diaz. First let me bind thy arm.

Mina. A scratch, a scratch. [*Takes Diaz's handkerchief.*]

Diaz. That dog fought bravely.

Mina. By Saint Iago!

Had his vile comrades stood as well, we had
Been stretched beside him. Faith, an ugly gash!

[*Distant cannonading.*]

Both. Hark! Hark!

Mina. Ah, Boy; this night brews fiercer tempests
On the earth than in the air—[*Cannonading continues.*]

Diaz. Again, again!

'Tis from the rearward of our camp!

Mina. Morillo!—

By all that's treacherous! O for a bolt
Of Heaven's own thunder that should hurl him down
To his native pit. In yonder cot thou'lt find
A shelter till the storm goes by. Meantime
I'll make a circuit round the renegade,
To cut him off. Farewell; we meet again. [*Exit.*]

Diaz. Fly, fly, good Mina! O, Heavenly Father,
Thou send'st the scathing storm; but thou art just.
Come weal, come woe, in Thee, in Thee my trust.

[*Exit in great pain.*]

SCENE IV.

The Country near Madrid, between the Field of Battle and the Garden of Buen Retiro: a Cottage on one side, with high palings: at the door a Boy on the watch. Presently voices without, crying "No quarter!" "This way!" "No quarter!"

Boy. Brother! Brother! They are coming.

Voices within the Cottage. "Farewell!" "God bless you!"

Enter from the Cottage a Soldier, followed by an old Peasant.

Soldier. Farewell, Juan! [*Kisses the Boy.*]

Boy. Good bye, Carlos.

Old Peasant. God protect and bless thee, my son.

[*Exit Soldier hastily behind the cottage.*]

Enter the Trappist and Monks with Swords and Pistol Belts; Shakos on their Heads; Beads and Crucifixes round their Necks—crying “No quarter!” No quarter!” UGARTE in the rear conversing with a Monk.

The Trappist. [*To an Officer.*] Search yon cottage.

Ugarte. [*Aside to the Monk.*] Art sure 'twas Porlier's spirit?—

Monk. Sure as you are a living soul—I saw him hanged—

Ugarte. He'll know me: I guarded him at Santiago—

Monk. He came this very path. We'll be sure to meet him.

Ugarte. [*Shuddering.*] The Virgin forbid!

Officer. [*Returning.*] No soldiers there.

The Trappist. On! Soldiers of the Faith! We fight for our altars and our King. Lay on, and spare not. Remember; the blood of Heretics and Rebels nourisheth the Church; and hath a sweet savor in the nostrils of the Godly. On! On!

[*Exeunt all except UGARTE, crying “No quarter.”*]

Ugarte. It's downright rash to be hunting up enemies in the dark. I'll beg for quarters, and so keep clear of the spirit.

[*Advances towards the Cottage Gate.*]

Enter DIAZ, much exhausted.

Ugarte. Ha!—The Marquesito!

[*Runs in terror to the Pales.*]

Diaz. Hold! Else will I stay thy flight.

Ugarte. Pray! Good Señor!—Spare me!

Diaz. Show me Holy Inn—and I will not harm thee.

Ugarte [*Aside.*] Holy Virgin! A fetch to get me in his power! [*Aloud.*] Aye! Señor; I come. [*Gets nearer the Pales.*] O! Good Señor Porlier!

Diaz. Thou knowest me, then!—

Ugarte. Aye! Noble Marquiseto!—When I kept your cell at Santiago, was I not kind? [*Makes his escape.*]

Diaz. Conscience-goaded wretch!

[*Knocks at the Gate.*]

Old Peasant, [*Within the Cottage.*] Who's there?

Diaz. A wearied soldier.

Old Peasant. Of Spain, or France?

Diaz. A Spaniard; and foe to the foes of Spain.

Old Peasant. [*Coming forth.*] Enter, Señor, and freely an old Castilian's hut.

Diaz. Thanks!—but I must on, and need thy friendly guidance.

Old Peasant. Whither bound?

Diaz. To the camp of Don Rafael.

Old Peasant. Ah! Señor: Thy comrades thou wilt find where thou leftst them:—never to stir again.

Diaz. Merciful God!—What reason for the horrid thought?

Old Peasant. My Carlos stopped but to say that all were slaughtered, save a few now hunted by the Trappist and his Franco-Spaniards: Servants of Satan—dressed in the livery of God to do deeds of darkness.

Diaz. But—Don Rafael!—Say—

Old Peasant. Fallen,—Carlos doubts not—on the field.

Diaz. I must have surer proof: point me my nearest course.

Old Peasant. This way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A path near Buen Retiro. Enter two FRENCH OFFICERS conversing.

1st Officer. Battle! No: a midnight massacre, by cowards in ambush. We have made common cause with slaves and bigots, and are like to earn the fame of butchers.

2d Officer. Soldiers must fight, nor ask the why or wherefore.

Enter DIAZ, unperceived by them.

1st Officer. That Riego was a noble fellow. [*Going.*]

2d Officer. Brave as Cæsar—but rash—

Diaz. Stay, Señors! If ye know aught of Riego's fate—pray tell a friend.

2d Officer. Ah!—A young Rebel! Shall I not cut him down? [*Raising his sword.*]

1st Officer. No, Pierre! By Heaven thou shalt not. Thy friend hath fallen. We saw the peasant who stripped his body.

Diaz. I thank thee, Señor, for thy sad tidings. [*To 2d Officer.*] Strike now! and thou shalt have the Rebel's thanks, and win favor from the wretch thou servest.

2d Officer. [*Offers to strike.*] Down then—

1st Officer. [*Interposes.*] Brother!—Pierre!—Thou shalt not bring this spot upon the name our father left us.

[*Forces him off.*]

Diaz. Is Death too blest a boon for me? O Father! Give me to reach Riego's honored corse

Enter RIEGO, in a Peasant's Dress ; his head bandaged.

And rest with him—in peace. [*Attempts to walk.*]

Riego. [*Aside.*] I'd hear that voice again: Say, friend, Canst guide me to the camp of Mina?

Diaz. He struck his tents at midnight.

Riego. 'Tis Diaz! [*Hastens to and embraces him.*]

Diaz. Señor! Señor!—Can it be?—

Riego. What! Wounded, Boy!

Diaz. This bandage hides, I fear, a wound more painful.

Riego. Diaz, my hurt is here: cut to the soul.

Diaz. Ah! Let me share thy griefs:—My comrades! say Who live?—Who fell?—

Riego. Thou'lt shudder at the tale
Brief tho' it be, of perfidy and horror.
Our secret plans were whispered to the foe
By some bribed traitor. In our midnight march
Sudden as thought, half my vanguard fell,
In deadly ambuscade, myself among them.
Waking, I found my wounded temple drest,
And softly resting on a Peasant's lap.
Hither he led my steps; then kindly forced
His tattered garb upon me, now more prized
Than monarch's robe, since giving hope to save
My Diaz's life, and making mine, grown useless
To Spain, less hateful to myself.

Diaz. Thank Heaven,
Thou art spared to serve her still. But say—old Roque;
Hath he too fallen?

Riego. Perhaps 'twere well he had:—
Wilt thou believe it, Roque turned against us?

Diaz. Never! No; think it not.

Riego. But now I passed him,
Guiding the pack who hunt his faithful comrades.
He wore upon his cap the servile badge;
He knew me, but thro' fear betrayed me not.

Diaz. Betray thee? Señor, sooner he had pierced
His own old heart. Why he rocked my Father's cradle;
His boyish pastimes shared; his manlier perils;
Stood by him when he suffered; nor would then
Quit his half buried corse, but rescued it
From monks and vultures. Roque a deserter!
No, the dim light deceived thee

Riego. Treachery's the fashion of the age—But come,
We still may join our scattered friends. Lean here.

Morrillo. [*Without.*] On! Who lags behind,
I'll give his carcass to the hounds of France.

Riego. We'll foil them yet.—

[*Assists DIAZ, and Exeunt.*]

Enter MORILLO, followed by Soldiers, and guided by Roque in the dress of a Monk, a broken sword at his side, his right hand concealed.

Morillo. On! Soldiers! Whoso brings Riego's head, shall have its weight in golden crowns.

[The soldiers steal off one by one.]

Thou knowest the path? *[To ROQUE.]*

Roque. Full well, Señor. I have trodden it on darker nights. At yon fork we take the right.

Morillo. If thou deceivest me—mark me, old man! I'll make a scare-crow of thy naked scalp.

[The remaining soldiers break off.] Back! Caitiffs!

[Fires at them.] S'death! Straight bring them back, else shall ye swing together. *[ROQUE goes a short distance and returns unobserved by MORILLO.]* This leads to the Gate of El Retiro.

[Exit MORILLO, on the path to the right.]

Roque. And if it does—hang old Roque's scalp upon it.

[Exit ROQUE, by the other path.]

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Palace next the King's Chamber. Two Monteros sitting near his door.

Enter SAEZ.

Saez. *[Softly.]* Is his Majesty awake?

1st Montero. He hath not slept. *[The King stirs.]*

K. Ferd. *[Within.]* Who spoke? Lights! Lights!

Enter KING FERDINAND, in his robe de chambre.

Saez. God save your Majesty?

K. Ferd. What tidings—say?

Saez. Riego and his vanguard slain

In midnight ambuscade. Mina flying for life.

K. Ferd. Tell me that again. Feel here! 'tis joy.

Saez. All thy foes subdued.

K. Ferd. But our brave Cousin and Brother?—

Saez. Hastening to lay his trophies at thy feet.

K. Ferd. Ring all the bells. Let the big guns proclaim Our triumph, and welcome our conquering Hero To Madrid. Ah! Saez, the Golden Dream.

Ah Saez! The dream, the dream is out. Seest not In this the VIRGIN's hand?

Saez. Hail Blessed Mary!

K. Ferd. Again unto my couch. Good night: too long By joyful hopes o'erwrought my spirits droop.

Saez. Ah! Let Content of restless Joy take place, And gently woo sweet sleep to thy embrace. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

A Chamber in RIEGO'S House. A Lamp burning. DONA THERESA reclining on a Couch ; INEZ sitting near her, asleep. A noise as of the wind.

Doña The. [Half rising.] The deep, malignant Jesuit ;
chafed Morillo !

And such a night for all foul mischief—[*A noise.*] Inez ! Inez !
Didst thou not hear that noise ?

Inez. [Half asleep.] O yes, Señora.

Doña The. Perchance! That little word : he'll come no
more.

Dost think he will return ere day, Inez ?

Inez. No, Señora.

Doña The. But then had harm befallen him, Diaz surely
Had hastened to us ; Would he not ?

Inez. No, Señora.

Doña The. Ah, true. Diaz would ne'er desert him, living
Nor dead. That thought doth crush my hope. Oft mid
The night it seemed as tho' the fiends unchained,
Defied Heaven's scourging bolts, and peal for peal,
Hurled back their mocking thunders. [*Reveille at a distance.*]
Hark !

The camp's harsh anthem to the morn. [*Rises and walks to
a window—A horn blows.*] And now

The early muleteer, on stubborn horn,
Essays rude music. Doth my eye deceive me ?
No, 'tis the blessed, dreaded light of day ;
Piercing the mists on Buytrago's brow ;
But reaching not the thicker gloom that shrouds
My soul. Ah ! My Riego ! Nought, nought save
The grasp of death—of *death* ?—I'll know the worst.
Inez! Rise ! Rise ! Get me my cloak.

[*Exit INEZ.*

'Twas ever thus :—Ah, happiness at best
Shoots like a meteor o'er human breast :
But yesterday the sun of joy rose gay
As that which heralded my bridal day :
In swift pursuit the night of woe hath come
To cast o'er earth the shadow of the tomb.
Fears fill my bosom of so dark a hue,
No tinge despair can add, tho' all I dread prove true.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

At the Gate of the Garden of Buen Retiro : RIEGO attempting to force the lock : DIAZ seated on the ground.

Riego. This is some dungeon lock, forged by a Jesuit.
'Tis vain :—we'll seek another gate
And balk the skulking hounds would lap thy blood.

Diaz. I can no further ; 'tis thy blood they seek,
Not mine. Go, then, good Señor—ere too late.

Riego. Leaving my Diaz thus ?—Boy—Boy ! thou shouldst
Have been the last to doubt my faith or love ;

Diaz. That steadfast faith it is, Spain ever invokes,
That love thy Diaz asks,
Go, then, good Señor.

Riego. Forsake thee ? No ! By Porlier's blood—I swear,

Diaz. O ! shun the vow. More holy vows forbid
That thou shouldst keep. Ah ! How would Porlier's shade
Be grieved should Diaz bar the way to Spain's
Deliverance.

Riego. Thou talks but wildly, boy, as tho'
Hope still were left for Spain.

Diaz. It is ; it is ;
For Spain, for all—while yet Riego lives
Canst pause ? Then hear my vow ;—By Porlier's shade
I stir not hence to cumber thee and help
The hell-hounds to their prey.
O ! Señor—Father may I call thee ? Rescue
Thy country, save thyself—thy Diaz—
If thou shouldst fall—thou bringest ruin
Down upon all thou lovest. Lo ! Spain lies
Bleeding at her tyrant's feet.

Riego. My heart bleeds with her.

Diaz. Thy friends ; thy suffering comrades ; think of them !

Riego. I do, I do ; death-doomed they clank their chains :
Hark ! From their cells their stifled voices sound
As from the tomb ! Methinks they call on me.

Diaz. And yet, O God ! Riego heeds them not.

Riego. Let me save thee—and then—

Diaz. First save thy country.
Take pity of thy wife : thy poor Theresa—
At Ferdinand's mercy.

Riego. Goad me not to madness—
I'll hurl the monster down the infernal pit.

Diaz. A moment more her sole protector falls ;
Ingloriously : his name the jest perchance
Of slanderous tongues. A soldier's grave should be
The battle-field ; the bright sun witnessing
His fall.

Riego. Fondly *Diaz* hath my soul
Indulged the thought, thus gloriously to fall
For Freedom's sake. Nor shall it now repine;
For come what may, exile or chains, the flames
Of faith, the piercing crown of thorns! Still, still,
'Tis a Godlike destiny—to perish for a righteous cause.

Diaz. No, not for this
Did Heaven avert from thee the murderous shaft.

Riego. How welcome, could my fall have ransomed Spain
And thee: but since that may not be, how doubly
Welcome—

Diaz. See! see! Thank Heaven, old Roque comes—

Riego. Old soldier I have wronged thee—deeply.

Roque. This the foul cause. [*Tramples on the badge.*] Yet
hath the cursed thing served a good turn.

Riego. How camest thou by it:—or that Trappist frock?

Roque. Seeing signs of life I brought a kind-souled peasant
to dress thy wound. A Monk came up and raised his
poinard to pierce thy bosom: I turned its point against his
own black heart; then wore my spoils the better to mislead
the Cuban hound Morillo, upon the hunt for thee.

Riego. And I could doubt thee!

Roque. But couldst not strike old Roque.

Riego. Canst thou? No, no! I should not ask thy warm
Old heart e'er to forgive my unkind thoughts.

Roque. They never reached it—but—Señor—kindness—
somehow—always chokes me. By Santiago, had I seen you,
as you did old Roque, with that Devil's whelp, Morillo—and
dressed in this Devil's suit—I should have thought you too
had listed under Old Nick. But come, if daylight find us
here we are but targets for the bloody imps.

Diaz. Oh! Never was thy honest face more welcome;
Sure Heaven hath sent our truest friend hither
In this dark hour to guard

And give our mother back her saviour son.

Riego. I feel thou art safer with good Roque than
With doomed Riego. Ah! My country tears
Me from my darling boy, rending my heart
In twain; for her I brave the brand of shame,
And like a dastard flee from dastard foes,

Diaz. Now art thou *Diaz's* friend: now, now,—*Riego!*
Victorious there where thou alone couldst conquer,
Taming thy own proud spirit at Duty's call.
A moment perils all: Mina awaits thee!

Riego. That name awakens hopes methought were dead.

Diaz. Ah! Hopes so Heavenly shine not to mislead.

Riego. Farewell—to both.

All. Farewell!

[*Exit* RIEGO.]

Diaz. He's safe! He's safe!—

Roque. Bless that little heart: the Marquesito was just so; always caring more for others than himself. But come—

Diaz. Give me thy arm, good Roque. Thou seest I am but a cripple. [*Shows his wounded knee.*]

Roque. Fy! and I not able to defend you. That brute Morillo struck off my fighting hand—to make me a safer guide—and then gave me this broken sword as a fit weapon for this stump.

Diaz. Ah! Savage dog!—But more's the need you should not again fall into his power. Do, for my sake, Roque, shun him; he'll not harm me.

Roque. Hush! my old ears wont hear you. Come, here's old Roginante that many a time has galloped his little Don to fight the wind-mill—can carry you yet. [*Stoops.*]

MORILLO *advances by the Garden Wall.*

Diaz. See! See!

Morillo. By Hell! The old Deceiver here, Before me. Ha! Traitor, is it thou?

[ROQUE *rushes on* MORILLO.]

Roque. Take back the name belongs to black Morillo.

Morillo. [*Stabs him.*] To Hell! To Hell! thou doting fool.

Roque. [*To DIAZ, who supports him.*] You never called old Roque traitor. God—bless you—for that—and—pardon—all my—sins. [*Throws his arms round DIAZ and dies.*]

[DIAZ *rises.*]

Morillo. Away! Stand off!

Diaz. Monster! Thou canst not pass.

Morillo. By Santiago! But I must: quick! Boy;—My mission's urgent.

Diaz. And thy bloody work
And badge tell what it is. False to thy cause,
Thou wouldst betray thy friends to chains and death.

Morillo. No friends, Morillo reckons in a cause
Now grown so foul that Heaven abandons it.

Diaz. Not Heaven; but wretches who for lucre would
Surrender Heaven itself to Lucifer.

Morillo. Beware! I am in no mood for parley. Off!
My sword's impatient; for my honor's pledged
To bring Riego to the King.

Diaz. 'Twas pledged
This night to share Riego's perils—Back! Back!

Morillo. Rash youth! That wound shall not protect thee!
[*Aims a blow at DIAZ, but falls over Roque's body, dropping his sword, which DIAZ takes up.*]

Diaz. Rise!
Thy life is spared.

Morillo. Ha! Foiled by a beardless boy. [*Aside.*]
 Señor, this noble act o'erpowers me. Give
 Me back my sword—I'll forthwith to Madrid.

Diaz. I cannot arm thee more with means of mischief.
 Thou art free to go.

Morillo. Thy caution cancels not
 The debt I owe thee; let me in return
 Safe conduct give thee thro' our scouts, whom else
 Thou canst not shun.

Diaz. I fear not for myself
 Since he is safe whom I were proud to die for.

Morillo. Riego?—There thou errest; known to have fled
 This way,—the peasant's mantle serving ill
 To hide his warrior form, or falcon eye.

Diaz. [*Aside.*] This wretch at least knows all.

Morillo. Thou wouldst die to save him?

Diaz. Freely.

Morillo. Generous youth!—
 I have a thought might test thy friendship.

Diaz. Name it.

Morillo. Stand thou his hostage: my prisoner as
 Thou'lt seem, my zeal wins favor with the King,
 And thence the means to save ye both.

Diaz. But now thou soughtst our lives: does hate so soon
 Grow kind! See there!—Morillo's clemency!

[*Points to the body of ROQUE.*]

Morillo. Yes, I was hasty, and am sorry for it.

[*Enter PIERRE, passing hastily.*]

Morillo. [*Accosting him.*] Friend! whither so fast?

Pierre. To spread the glorious news—Riego's taken!
 Dogged by Ugarte to old Carlos' hut. [*Exit PIERRE.*]

Diaz. [*Aside.*] O God!—Lost! Lost!

Morillo. [*Aside.*] Taken!—And not by me!—
 Then have I missed a dukedom. [*Aloud.*] Now thou wilt
 Believe Morillo? Ah! A wretched doom
 I fear awaits thy friend.

Diaz. [*With great agony.*] Thou'lt keep thy promise?

Morillo. By all that's sacred!

Diaz. Take thy sword. [*Hands it to him.*]

Morillo. And thine.

Diaz. Mine! Mine! This sword? It was my father's;—
 His dying gift: 'tis girded to my heart.

Morillo. 'Twill still be thine: I hold it but for thee.

[*DIAZ kisses his sword, then hands it to MORILLO.*]

Now kneel!

Diaz. What meanest thou?

Morillo. To give thee back thy sword.
Down! I am in haste!

[*DIAS raises his hands in prayer. MORILLO stabs him.*]

Diaz. O! Bloody! Bloody Fiend! But, save Riego—
As thou hast sworn—and I—forgive thee.

[*He falls on ROQUE.*]

Morillo. He'll rendezvous with thee to-night—in Hell.
As *MORILLO is going, enter FRANÇOIS and Soldiers, with*
RIEGO guarded; from the opposite side, Brothers of Char-
ity, who approach the bodies.

Morillo. [*To François.*] Ha, Captain! Thou hast caught
the mighty hero.

RIEGO eyes him with disdain. François does not notice him.

François. [*To Pierre.*] See! 'tis the youth we passed
some half hour since.

Riego. My Boy! My gallant Boy!—And faithful Roque!
Señor—one moment: that—that youth was—was
My friend's son: reared from infancy—as mine.

François. This feeling honors thee: pray take thy time.

RIEGO bends over them.

First Brother. Lo! Youth's hot current and the chilly
stream

Of age—poured forth and mingling into one!

A feast for glory's crimson lip.

Second Brother. The work of war, waged not by fiends,
Nor brutes—but Christians in a Christian land.

And they who wield aloft the club of Cain,
And banquet on a brother's blood, dare call
Themselves the followers of HIM whose mission
On earth was peace.

Riego. [*Half aside.*] No—'twas delusion—yet—me-
thought he breathed.

Morillo. [*To François.*] The rich reward
Thy service earns thy tardiness may lose.

François. I ask for none—nor would I harrow up
That brave man's feelings—for thy Kingdom's mines.

Riego. He breathes! He breathes! [*Raises DIAZ's head.*]

Diaz. Thanks—good friend—

Riego. Diaz! Speak

Again!—Dost not know me?—*Riego?*

Diaz. [*Opening his eyes.*] Ah! Señor! O false Morillo!
Disarmed—he begged his sword—then—by—false promises—
Filched mine—and struck—here.

Riego. Faithless, ruthless butcher!

Diaz. He could not—murder—thee: Thank gracious
Heaven—I—

Ah! Here—on poor old—Roque. [*Sleeps.*]

Riego. [*To MORILLO.*] Look here! Nearer;—
Behold thy work! Look! Look! He smiles as though
Some blissful vision beamed upon his soul.

Diaz. He's safe! Riego's safe! and Diaz—happy. [*Dies.*

Riego. Aye, happy art thou, noble youth. Owns earth,
Or hell, another fiend had done this deed?

Morillo. S'death. [*Half draws.*] But thou'rt fettered;—
else my sword might rob

The gallows of its due.

Riego. Base craven, strike,
And that vainglorious sword may earn what yesterday
It missed, the assassin's fame. [*MORILLO draws.*

François. Your pardon, Señor; he is my prisoner;
Prithee stand back.

Riego. Señor, one favor more— [*To FRANÇOIS.*
In the same grave let these brave soldiers rest.

[*Places DIAZ's arms around ROQUE's neck.*

First Brother. Be that our charge.

Riego. I should have known thy mission.
Would that all who wear the garb of piety
Were such as ye are—friends of the friendless.

[*Gives money, as does FRANÇOIS.*

First Brother. Thanks, Señors!
In their last bed thy friends shall rest—as now.

[*The Brothers of Charity remove the bod es.*]

Riego. [*To MORILLO.*]—There shall thy butchered vic-
tims find that peace

Thou ne'er canst know; while every honest heart
Shall own their worth, and curse the wretch who smote them.

[*Exeunt FRANÇOIS with RIEGO one way; MORILLO another.*]

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Dungeon in the Inquisition, RIEGO chained, lying on a pallet in his military dress. A Table with a Crucifix and Skull, and a Lamp throwing its light in RIEGO'S eyes, which he tries to protect by his hand. Two Guards watch all his motions. One approaches to trim the Lamp.

Riego. My good fellow, canst thou not remove that lamp? Its glare hath driven sleep from my eyes.

1st Sentinel. No, 'twould be against orders, and 'tis time to get up.

Enter a SMITH with fetters, attended by four Assistants. He seizes one of RIEGO'S ankles.

Riego. What means this rudeness?—

[By a sudden effort he withdraws his leg.]

Smith. Pray, Señor, be patient. *[Repeats his grasp.]*

Riego. Away! Away! Brutal and cowardly dogs—
I'll not submit—why use ye not your daggers?
Ha! Off! Begone!—

[He spurns the SMITH with his feet, struggling violently, but is overpowered by him and his assistants, and the fetters fastened on his ankles.]

Smith. *[Going.]* Pray pardon us, Señor, we have but done our duty.

Riego. Aye; willing tools of tyrants who usurp
Forbidden powers, and crush with iron rod,
The sons of noble sires who ruled their Rulers.
Begone!

[Exeunt SMITH and Assistants.]

But for my wife—in Ferdinand's power,—
I could defy their utmost malice. Ha!
That way is madness.

[Enter ROMUALDO bearing a trencher with two covers.]

Rom. Thy breakfast, Señor; *[Uncovers crusts and water.]*
Humble fare, but all our scanty means allow.
This from good Saez; *[Uncovers a skull;]* a friend, he bids
me say,

Of thine—

Riego. Of mine?

Rom. —Who in thy lonely hours,
May reach thy heart, and counsel thee to shun
His fate : one Porlier—

Riego. Porlier thou say'st ?
Of what was he accused ?

Rom. O ! Deadly sins ; of heresy and treason.

Riego. And would not confess ?

Rom. Alas ! He died impenitent.

Riego. Died ?

Rom. Aye. With stubborn hardihood stood out
The question, and so brought death upon himself.

Riego. Excellent ! Suffering death sooner than slander
His own fair name, and deemed—a suicide !

O ! Rare device of vile imposture, that
By cabalistic phrase virtue confounds
With vice—picturing things their very opposites.

Porlier !—He was indeed my friend !—A man
Who practiced virtues hypocrites profess :

Who fed the hungry ; clothed the naked ; was

The orphan's father, and the widow's stay :

Who loved his neighbor as himself ; and daily

To his God the homage offered of a heart

Upright and pure ; but worshipped not

His image of molten brass, nor gold,—nor yet of flesh

And blood. Striving to break a tyrant's chain,

He met a tyrant's hate ; and perished in

The morn of life, victim of perfidy !

He was a heretic ! A traitor ! while,—

O God of Justice ! they, who enslave

And massacre mankind, are glorified

As Gods ! In mockery of Thee, tricked up

In all Thy attributes :—Almighty Sovereigns !

And God-like Conquerors ! Priests Infallible !

Holy Inquisitors ! Most Holy Allies !

And why not too, Most Holy King of Hell ?

Enter an Alguazil. He and ROMUALDO converse apart.

[*RIEGO takes up the Skull—a label falls off.*]

But see ! See ! How thy falsehood stands exposed.

[*Reads.*] “DONA JOANNA DE BOHORQUEZ.”

Poor Lady ! Is it thou ? Will nought appease

The human fiends that tore thee from thy home,

Wrested the struggling infant from thy bosom ;

And when that bosom ceased to heave beneath

Their scourge, proclaimed thee void of crime ? Still do

They envy thee the quiet of a grave ?

Enforcing thee to plead their hateful cause ?

Monsters ! Monsters ! O, that that mouth

Indeed might find a tongue, and those dark sockets glare
 With light, to scare them from their feasts of blood.
 How long. how long, ere Heavenly vengeance wake,
 And crumble o'er their heads these guilty walls!
 Away!—Away!

Rom. [*Aside.*] Alas! Poor sinful man.

Alguazil. Señor, thou'rt cited to the Hall of the Alcaldes.
 Within we'll find a habit better suits thy present need.

Riego. Lead on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street in Madrid.

Enter MORILLO and ABISBAL, conversing.

Abisbal. What think you of a foreign mission? I am for France, gay France.

Morillo. Galicia will do for me :—But see our melancholy friend! [*Enter BALLESTEROS.*]

Why, General, you look as sad as tho' yon gibbet were for thee.

Ballesteros. 'Tis for one who less deserves it than we, whose base desertion doomed him to it.

Morillo. Thou art in a moping humor.

Abisbal. Come, return with us. The King this morning will reward his friends: say, what boon wouldst thou ask?

Ballesteros. That I fear he will never grant.

Abisbal. I will insure it, tho' 'twere half his kingdom.
 Come, come.

[*Takes his arm and Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Hall of the Alcaldes.

Enter KING FERDINAND, ALAGON, SAEZ, ABISBAL, the NUNCIO, MORILLO: the COUNT DE TORRE ALTO, and UGARTE, the five last habited as ALCALDES of the King's Household. except the NUNCIO, and ABISBAL who is habited as King's Proctor. SAEZ is conversing earnestly with ABISBAL and MORILLO. The KING ascends the Throne, assisted by SAEZ and ALAGON. Enter also BALLESTEROS, who stands apart.

Saez. Lo! San Fernando's throne again receives
 Its lawful sovereign.

K. Ferd. Under Heaven to none—
 Save his brave Cousin,—doth Ferdinand owe it, that
 His hands are freed, more than to faithful Saez;

And their first act shall lift him to the seat
Usurped by that arch-traitor, curst San Miguel.

[*SAEZ kneels and kisses the King's hand.*

Señor, arise! Prime Minister of Spain.

[*SAEZ on rising takes the arm of BALLESTEROS, and presents him to the King.*]

Saez. General Don Francisco Ballesteros;
Your Majesty's good friend.

K. Ferd. By Holy Mary!

Twice,—twice my friend, and only once my foe.

Ballest. Your Majesty hath proofs of my contrition.

K. Ferd. And promised a reward? Speak! What would'st have?

Is it gold? High place at home?—Or foreign embassy?

Ballest. Nor gold nor honors Ballesteros asks:

I come with bleeding heart to sue for one,
Deserted by the world.

K. Ferd. Be brief,—his name?

Ballest. Don Rafael de Riego.

K. Ferd. Thou plead'st for him? chief ruffian of the
gang

Who robbed me of my freedom and my crown!

Ballest. His arm twice saved your Majesty from death:
Trusting thy gracious sense of that; thy pledge
Of full oblivion for the past—

K. Ferd. 'Tis false:—

That amnesty thou knowest, his rebel friends
And thine enforced, with daggers at my throat.

Away! I visit justice on a traitor;

And Heaven approves: Thou hast betrayed a friend.

Go, seek some cloister's walls to hide thy shame,

And purchase masses for the miscreant's soul.

Begone! Ere I take back thy unearned pardon.

Abisbal. [*Aside to BALLESTEROS as he is going.*] General!
Adieu! Pray in thy orisons remember me.

Morillo. [*Aside to BALLESTEROS.*] Farewell! my godly
brother:

Almost I envy thee thy life of peace
And piety. One day thou'lt be a Saint.

Ballest. [*Aside to them.*] 'Tis just: I merit all; but tri-
umph not;

Ye too, deserted Spain to serve a tyrant;

The time may come ye too shall meet his wrath;

The scoffs of wretches like yourselves; the hell

Of conscious guilt.

[*Exit BALLESTEROS.*

Saez. [*To an Officer.*] Proceed.

Officer. The Alcaldes of the King will take their seats.

[*The Alcaldes range themselves before the Throne: SAEZ presiding.*

Enter RIEGO in chains, attended by Guards—habited as a prisoner of the Inquisition.

Officer. Make way, Señors! Room for the prisoner!

[*RIEGO is conducted before the Alcaldes.*]

Saez. Honorable Alcaldes!—

France hath kept kept her faith:

Her warrior Prince, a Bourbon, shields a Bourbon,
And saves a Spanish King from Spanish daggers.

Your awful court; those antique robes; this Hall,
Wherein your predecessors sate to guard

The realm; Yon God-like Presence, all proclaim

Our Spain herself again: her ancient usages

Restored; her Holy Church: her Absolute King.

But think not Judges, these blessings safe

While breathe the rebels would have torn them from us:

Lo! their Satanic chief awaits his doom;

And this, [*Presents a MSS. which he hands to Abisbal.*]

The record of his guilty deeds. Señor, we'll hear thee.

Abisbal. What, honored Judges, need I say, but that
Don Rafael de Riego stands before

You, an attainted traitor? His vile hand

It was first raised Rebellion's flag at Arcos;

Were it my task to name his many crimes,

Yon sun whose rays now slant from the Eastern sky,

Might rise and set again ere half be told.

Out of his own foul mouth shall you condemn him.

[*Turns to RIEGO.*

Señor. this scroll contains grave charges, touching

Thy life and honor—thou hast leave to make

Defence. Please answer to the point, and truthfully.

[*Reads.*] *Didst thou not seize the Church's plate to pay thy soldiers?*

Riego. Once—by Abisbal's counsel; as Don Pablo
Well knows. [*MORILLO shakes his head.*

Abisbal. 'Tis false: and so his Honor doth attest.

[*Reads.*] *Didst thou not levy war against the King?*

Riego. Not so the Conde deemed it; nor did Don Pablo;
They had not joined me else, nor now enjoyed
The royal favor.

Abisbal Libels such as these
But aggravate thy guilt.

[*Reads.*] *Didst thou not meditate thy Sovereign's death?*

Riego. Never: he was my prisoner, and knows
I held his life a sacred trust. His Majesty
Himself can but rebuke this shameless calumny.

[*The King averts his face.*]

Morillo. The King remembers not thy gracious care.

Riego. Then I appeal to thee, *Morillo*:—say,
Whose was the arm upraised against his life?
Whose bosom warded off the deadly steel?

Morillo. What! Ha! Foul slanderer—

[*Feeling for his sword.*]

Count de Torre A'to. Were I *Don Pablo*,
By *Santiago*! chained as the traitor is,
My sword should have his heart upon the spot—

Riego. Pray, *Count*, use thine on his behalf, and take
My thanks.

K. Ferd. Enough! He doth but speak to insult
His judges, and defy the law. Despatch!

Abisbal. Then as King's Proctor I demand at once
Judgment of death. Ask you for further proofs?
What proofs would you desire?—That he who sits
On yonder throne is *Don Fernando*, King
Of Spain, or this the infamous *Riego*?—

Alcaldes. We have proof; enough.

Morillo. *Alcaldes*! you have heard
The cause; how say you,—*guilty*, or *not guilty*?

Alcaldes. *Guilty: guilty.*

Saez. So hold we all. Hath *Don Rafael* pleas
Or proofs might mitigate our judgment?

Riego. Many:—

One, of itself should strike these fetters from
My limbs. Behold!—The King's full amnesty.

[*Shows Pardon.*]

K. Ferd. The King withdraws it.

Saez. So thy plea is naught.

Riego. Then I would ask, whence springs the right of *Saez*
And his new Bench of Justices, to arraign
A soldier taken in open war while combating
His country's foes? As prisoner of France
I claim from France, a prisoner's due; if doomed
To die—a soldier's death.

Saez. Thy pleas are idle.

Riego. Too well I knew how vain the privilege
You gave. Beneath the ermine robe you grasp
The dagger of revenge, and dally with
Your prey to gain a keener relish for
His blood. Before all Earth and Heaven I do

Protest against this mockery, whereby
You'd blight my fame and life.

K. Ferd. [*To Saez.*] Pray stop this tedious parley.

Saez. Nought remains
Save to declare the law's stern sentence—that
Don Rafael de Riego suffer this day
An ignominious death; his head exposed
At Las Cabezas; and his quivering limbs
Sent to strike terror at the spots where most
His treasons blazed. God's mercy save thy soul!

*The Alcaldes rise: All retire to the further end of the Hall,
except the KING, SAEZ, ALAGON, RIEGO and the Guards.*

K. Ferd. Forth! Forth! To execution.

Saez. [*Aside to the King.*] But—the rack?—

K. Ferd. [*Aside to Saez.*] Thou'lt see to that.
[*To Riego.*] —Thus shall thy pride be humbled,
And thy proud name be razed from Honor's chronicle.

Riego. Upon the murderer's head the shame shall rest,—
Not on his victim's. No! My soul exults
To think the day shall come, when o'er thy falsehoods
Truth shall prevail, and an impartial world
Do justice to Riego—and to thee.

K. Ferd. Hence! Bear him off.

Enter Doña THERESA, who falls at the King's feet.

Doña The. Mercy! O gracious King! O mercy! mercy!

K. Ferd. How's this? What would the woman have?
Art frantic?

Doña The. Aye, well nigh frantic.—See! They bear my
husband to his death.

K. Ferd. [*Aside.*] Riego's wife! [*Descends.*] Señora,
rise.

[*Whispers ALAGON and SAEZ, who withdraw.*]

Riego. [*Aside.*] Was then this bitterest draught still in
reserve?

Now am I Ferdinand's slave. [*To the King.*] Not for myself,
O King!—I sue—

K. Ferd. [*To Guards.*] Ha! Heard ye my command?

[*The Guards surround RIEGO and conduct him off.*]

Doña The. Not yet.—Oh! Mercy! Mercy! Ah—one mo-
ment—

K. Ferd. [*Aside.*] So bright in tears—how dazzling bright
in smiles!

I pity thee, Señora,—from my heart.

Doña The. Help me, then, gracious King, in this dread
hour;

The next may sink me else beyond the reach
Of human aid. Ah! think! My husband bared
His breast to ward from thine a ruffian's steel.
Have mercy now on him; 'twill stand thee more in stead
Than will his blood, that awful day
When thou shalt sue for mercy to thy KING.

K. Ferd. Such earnest pleadings breathed from lips so
pure,
Might move the sternest judge to warp the law.

Doña The. O! 'Tis Mercy's Heavenly attribute to save
Where unrelenting justice hath condemned.
Shall he not soon be free?

K. Ferd. He may—may I
But hope such kindness will be paid in kind;—
And thou, thyself mayst herald his reprieve.

Doña The. O, blessed mission for a wife: Now doubt
Not generous King, thou shalt disarm thy foes,
And from Riego win a pledge the rack
Could ne'er extort: his wife's unceasing prayers
Withal, that God may lengthen out thy days,
And in a better world reward thy mercy.

K. Ferd. Tease me not thus, fair Dame, with charming
prudery.

Doña The. Your Majesty designs some jest: but grief
Doth make my heart too dull for playful thoughts.

K. Ferd. That glowing cheek betrays the consciousness
Those lovely lips blush to disown. No prayers,
Thanks to the Holy Virgin, do I need:
With her own sinless Son I share her love;
Some share of thine—which now thy gentle heart
In prodigal excess reserves for one—
Sole boon I ask of thee.

Doña The. That heart I gave
My husband: it is his;—its every throb,
By title ratified in Heaven.

K. Ferd. Say, I
Remit his fearful penance—in its stead
Bestowing wealth and envied dignities—
Our fair Señora shining high the while
The brightest star that gilds my court; may I
Not hope—her grateful smiles might—

Doña The. Knowest thou Riego?—
And canst thou think his wife so vile? Or dream
That he would touch the wages of her shame?

K. Ferd. Thy virtue, fair Señora, even more
Than thy surpassing beauty, vanquishes
My heart. Say that the Church absolve us all
From blame?—

Doña The. Could our own hearts—would Heaven acquit us?

Ah! No: the ties which bind me to my husband.
No Church imposed; no Church can e'er dissolve.

K. Ferd. What! What! Dost thou reject my proffered favors?

Doña The. Speak not of favors, 'twere a crime in thee
To offer; infamy in me to think of.

K. Ferd. Now mark me, Dame; That paragon of husbands,
Whose doom his wife decrees—

Doña The. O! Say not that.

K. Ferd. —High in mid air the noon day sun shall view
His traitor form loose swinging in the wind.—

Doña The. O! Be my life the ransom paid for his:
Be mine his gloomy cell; his death of shame;
The blazing faggot or the torturing wheel;
But think not I can steep my soul in sin.

K. Ferd. Ah! Arch dissembler, who canst talk of sin,
Yet slay a husband. On thy head then rest
His blood.

Doña The. Ye Heavens! Am I so fell a monster?
No! thou doth crush us both. O, if our lives
In anguish spent may expiate his fault.
Let him afar from Spain and me, pine out
His days in exile: Make me thy slave.

K. Ferd. My slave?—

Doña The. Thy very slave.

K. Ferd. In all?

Dona The. All? Ha! My thoughts
Seem wildly rushing to the brink of guilt;
They fly affrighted back to meet despair.
Thou'dst have some horrid pledge.—My God! My God!
Hast thou forsaken me? [*Imploringly.*] Pray! Pray!—
have mercy on us.

K. Ferd. The word's gone forth: At noon thy husband
dies.

Doña The. One day,—one hour's reprieve: let me once
more
Behold his face—then here will I return,
A wretch as now—within thy power.

[*The KING beckons ALAGON.*

K. Ferd. Alagon awaits thee—thou must return without
delay.

Dona The. Must, must? Thy slave obeys.

[*Exeunt DONA THERESA and ALAGON.*

K. Ferd. She'll not betray our secret: but that serpent
Coiled in my path, must not escape: my end
Once gained, he dies! he dies!

As he is going, enter ABISBAL, MORILLO and CHAMORRO.

Cham. Majesty seems not well.

K. Ferd. In sooth, Chamorro,
I'm much worn down with cares of State, and need
Thy cheerful company.

Cham. A calm siesta
Will soon restore thy wonted spirits. Pray take
Don Pedro's arm.

[ABISBAL and MORILLO advance.]

Abisbal. Our King this day enjoys
A signal triumph—due, may we not humbly
Trust, to Don Pablo and myself?

K. Ferd. And now you seek rewards? Your wishes,
Señors?

What would the noble Conde?

Abisbal. Leave to serve
Your Majesty abroad—your faithful envoy—

K. Ferd. St. James's?—or St. Cloud?—[ABISBAL bows.]
And how reward

The veteran Conqueror of Mexico?

Morillo. Since now his gracious King no more doth need
Morillo's sword—

K. Ferd. What! What! Morillo's sword!
That yesterday was pointed at my heart?

Abisbal. [Aside to MORILLO.] Thou hast raised a storm,
Morillo, wrecks us both.

Morillo. I deemed my royal master had forgiven
His slave's offence—and would forget it.

K. Ferd. Just Heaven forgives not rebels: why should
Kings?

Were ye not false, why here seeking rewards,
While still audacious Mina threatens our peace?
I banish ye from Spain. Thrice perjured traitors!
Dreamed ye I'd trust to you again? Hence! Let not
The setting sun behold you in Madrid,
Else rising, he shall view you dangling with
The wretch ye have betrayed, whose crimes compared
With yours, seem virtues.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Dungeon of the Inquisition. RIEGO chained to the floor.

Riego. O Spain! Far, far more wretched is thy fate
Than mine: a moment more my sufferings cease;
Thy bosom still must heave beneath the weight
Of bigot power.—But come it must, the day
Of thy deliverance, when—O joyful thought!

The graves of Freedom's sons, thro' all
Thy hills and vales shall echo back the Hymn
Of Liberty.

[*A secret panel in the Great Door of the Cell of Torture opens, at which SAEZ appears unseen by RIEGO.*]

Saez. Untouched! The miscreant's gone who should have made

Him feel the pains his haughty spirit braves.

Riego. [*After a pause.*] My lost Therese—What will become of her? Poor sufferer!

[*Raises a handkerchief to his face.*]

Saez. 'Tis the right key to unlock
His bosom to my errand. [*A bell sounds within.*]

Enter UGARTE and ROMUALDO.

Ugarte. [*Touching Riego.*] Señor!—

Riego. Ah! True! I am ready; this, [*His handkerchief,*]
give to my wife;

Now, one pang more—and that, remember, sudden and final.

Ugarte. Doubt us not. Senor. [*Unlocking the chains.*]

Saez. Ha! This must not be; [*Aside.*]

Suffering's the meed of guilt, and must be his.

Ere he can earn the luxury of a grave.

Ugarte. So swiftly shall our engine bring on death,
That death shall stifle all its pangs.

Saez. [*Advances.*] Hold! hold! [*Makes a sign to Familiars; they retire.*]

[*To Riego.*] What! Would Riego crown
His valiant deeds with suicide? And shrink
Like common men from pain?

Riego. A moment more,
This torment he at least had shunned, of now
Again beholding thee.

Saez. Rail on—then hear me.
I come to offer thee deliverance.

Riego. Thou!
'Tis thou didst plot my death; doom me to torture;
And now wouldst raise delusive hopes to glut thy vengeance.

Saez. Not mine the boon; the King would be thy friend.

Riego. Thou mockest me, Monk; or tellest of charm
more strange

Than that of old, transforming men to brutes—
A spell to change a monster into man.

Saez. A spell in sooth; wrought by a fair Enchantress.

Riego. I pray thee keep this wondrous tale to adorn
Thy saintly legends.

Saez. Aye: Riego fain
Would die for Liberty; not e'en a wife,—

Riego. Be merciful for once, and torture not
The soul. Speak what thou hast to say ; or leave me.

Saez. Know then—The King's enamored of thy wife.

Riego. Imposter ! Demon !

Saez. Vanquished by her charms.

He would vouchsafe to make her reigning favorite
And brightest jewel that adorns his court.

Riego. Sure I *have been* wrenched upon the wheel,
And with returning life my senses stray
In dreams more horrid than the pangs it gave.

Saez. Recall thy wandering reason, and hear all :
Then make thy choice—a felon's death ; or freedom,
With rule of fair Galicia. Nay, more—

Riego. What more ? What more ? Do I still breathe on
earth ?

Or is not this the dread abode where torments
Purify the soul from sins of the flesh ?

Riego. Riego raves ; Say that the Church its sanction
Gives ; thy wife her free consent ?

Riego. Say that the sun's an icicle !
The frozen pole a mass of liquid fire—
That Heaven's the dwelling place of Monks : say that
Ther's honor—virtue—truth—in Ferdinand
And thee ;—Tell aught—but that.

Saez. It is her love
For thee favors his suit—and asks thy sanction.

Riego. Amazing liar ! Could I but reach thee I
Would grasp thee till some touch of torment thou
Should'st feel like that thou'dst give ; then leave thy carcass
Fit morsel for the toads this vault engenders.

Saez. That fate be thine !—or worse. But mark me well :
Ferdinand will not be foiled in schemes of love :
When thou shalt in thy grave unquietly
Be laid, thy beauteous Dame in his embrace
Shall find a solace for her loss.

Riego. Fiends as ye are,
Ye dare not meet the blasting fire which beams
From Virtue's eye. Begone !

[*SAEZ going, converses with Familiars, who retire.*]

But—then—Aye ! Aye !

O, happy thought—I may again behold
Her face, and with my last fond blessing soothe
Her anguish—Señor ! Señor ! Pray return :
My wife, thou say'st, consents ?—And freely ?

Saez. I have it from the Duke.

Riego. I would hear it from her own lips.

Saez. What then ?

Riego. What then ?—What then ! —— !

Saez. Thou'lt yield her to the King?

Riego. What? Yield her to Ferdinand?—If she consent I will;

To him or his vile Pander; Aye: or
The Beast Morillo.

Saez. She awaits thy summons;
The dungeon bell soon sounds thy final hour
Resolve then Señor, speedily—and wisely.

[*SAEZ withdraws through the secret panel.*]

R'ego. Consents?—No, no: 'tis an infernal plot.
No earthly power—not my commands, nor prayers—
Nor certain death to her or me, could reconcile
Her soul to this foul deed of sin and shame.

Enter DONA THERESA from the opposite side.

Doña The. My husband!

Riego. Once more heart to heart. Thou would'st not
Then forsake me?

Doña The. In weal nor woe; nor thou thy poor Theresa!

Riego. Not for earth's choicest blessings.

Doña The. Ah! happy lot, brief tho' it be, again
Thus circled in thy arms, my haven of bliss:—
Till this sad hour, my refuge from despair.
I bring a pang for us both, living or dying,—
The cell of torture can supply none fiercer.

Riego. Spare thyself the harrowing tale; already
I've heard enough.

Doña The. The execrable monster!—
My heart revolted at his hideous scheme,
And still,—wilt thou forgive me?—still must loathe it,
Tho' giving back to thee thy life and freedom.

Riego. Dost think to screen myself that I could plunge
My wife in shame and misery? No, Dearest,
To my last hour thy spotless purity
Shall fill my soul with joy. [*Embraces her.*] Still do I fear
The base designs of Ferdinand toward thee.

Doña The. Fear not. I have
A friend, thy freedom gained, had given me mine.

[*Shows a dagger.*]

Riego. [*Takes the dagger.*] By Heaven, thou smilest as
tho'

Thy beaming light ere sent to guide us thro'
The gloom, and carve a way beyond the reach
Of brutal vengeance.

Doña The. First redeem thy wife!
The glittering blade again my breast shall greet,
A messenger of Love, to waft my soul

With thine, to mansions where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary be at rest.

Riego. Might Heaven approve, how sweet to die,
Locked in this last embrace.

Doña The. Call it not death; rather a brief siesta,
Whence angels shall awake us, loudly chanting
Hosanna in the Highest.

Riego. 'Twas a desperate, wicked
Fancy. Thou tempting fiend, how didst thou prompt
[To the dagger.

My hand to damning sin! But God be thanked,
'Tis past. I cannot stain with blood—thy blood,
This snowy pillow of my joys and griefs:— [Bell tolls.

Doña The. Hark! Hark!

Riego. 'Tis time—we part—

Doña The. Part! Part?

Thou wilt not use the friendly steel—and yet
Canst speak this crueller word: thus will I cling to thee,
In life, in death. We must not part.

*Suddenly the Great Door of the Cell opens, discovering the
Cell of Torture, wherein is placed an Engine, surrounded
by Inquisitors, in long, black Cloaks, each bearing a
Taper.*

[Enter UGARTE and ROMUALDO closing the door after them.]

See there! That den of fiends—Off! off! Away!
Ye shall not murder him: O! God of Mercy!—[Swoons.

Ugarte. The bell hath tolled—

Riego. [Not noticing him.] Oh! Would that sigh had
been thy last! [Lays her on his pallet.

Enter SAEZ through the secret panel.

Saez. Are ye resolved?

Riego. Thou must abide her answer.

Saez. Tear them apart.

Riego. Touch her not! Touch her not!

[Raises the dagger.

Enter a Familiar.

Familiar. A licensed priest sent to confess Don Rafael,
Demands admittance. [Exit.

SAEZ signs to UGARTE and ROMUALDO, who retire.

Saez. [To Riego.] Our Church forbids
All witnesses to this last solemn rite.

Riego. I beg thou wilt observe its rule: for her,
She lies too near a better world to heed
What passes here. [Aside.] 'Tis he!

Enter the Canon RIEGO, who pauses as in prayer, until SAEZ retires thro' the secret panel.

—My kindest brother! [*Embracing.*]

The Canon. Dear Rafael! I came to comfort thee—
But most myself need comfort: I'm a child! [*Weeps.*]

Riego. Thou hast ever been to me the best of brothers;
Be such to her. Bear her far from the wretch
Whose mercy, more cruel than his hate,
Will still pursue her. Fulfill this last request.

The Canon. I will; I will!
Mina, leaves lost Spain this night, for England.

Riego. My Brother, thou *hast* brought me comfort: that
I most have craved, but durst not hope. To know
That she is safe, will dull the sting of death.

Farewell, dear brother! And once more—once more—
My stricken wife!—[*Places her in the Canon's arms.*]

The Canon. I may—may see thee—yet
Again: if not—God will sustain thee
In this dread hour of tribulation.

[*Exit the Canon, bearing off DONA THERESA.*]

The bell sounds. *Re-enter SAEZ, UGARTE and ROMUALDO through the secret panel.*

Saez. Thy answer to the King:—
Wilt thou retract thy treasons and accept
His pardon on full submission to his will?

Riego. Never! [*Gives UGARTE the Dagger.*]

A muffled drum without.

Saez. The hour is come, Don Rafael meets
The doom his country's outraged laws demand.

Riego. No law my country hath, save a stern tyrant's will;
I die to lull that tyrant's fears. Be it so:
Bright thoughts and hopes will cheer my dying hour;
But he—and thou—my MURDERERS! shall ye not feel
That while the Heavens endure never can souls
Distained with guiltless blood, find rest.

SAEZ points to the Cell of Torture, and exit through the Secret Panel: the Great Door then opens, through which the Familiars conduct RIEGO, closing it hastily after them.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace. KING FERDINAND on a couch conversing with ALAGON, a Page fanning him.

K. Ferd. Alagon! I'm sick: that muffled drum—
Its solemn dirge struck terror to my soul.

Alagon. Your Majesty needs repose.

K. Ferd. Aye! That is it.

But there's no rest for me this side the grave.—

Dost think there's life beyond it?—

Alagon. I fear there is.

K. Ferd. At times that thought o'erpowers me—and—

Enter SAEZ, in dejection.

Look there! Behold! Now Saez—Speak—Speak! Riego
Hath escaped—

Saez. Never again he'll vex thy peace.

Scarce had he breathed his last, when Mina—

K. Ferd. Ha! Still, still,—that daring traitor—

Saez. —Joined by La Isla's furious band, and passing
Our sluggish allies, forced the gates—

K. Ferd. My blood!

For that the demons thirst.

Saez. They seek Riego.

Ignorant of his death, hither they direct

Their course to claim him at thy hands.

K. Ferd. Can I restore the dead? Would that I could.

Ah, Saez, should Heaven hereafter deal by us

As we have dealt— [*Noise within.*]

Saez. 'Tis Mina's traitorous band.

K. Ferd. And let them come:

Mother of God! Is there a pang for man

Reserved; Death's fearful call; the startling trump

That wakes the sinner to his doom; that doom

Itself—can like remorse torment the soul?

DeLacy! Vidal! Porlier! Murdered, tortured.

Riego!—Tortured by the wretch he saved.

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!

Saez. Their doom was just:

If wrong,—to sorrow for it now when past

All cure, were twice to suffer for our sin.

K. Ferd. And thou canst say that? Thou! Thou Evil One!

Who tempted me to blood: Aye—And canst look

As tho' thou had'st no soul to perish in the pit

That flames before us. I am weak: my limbs

Give way; or rocks the earth beneath my feet?

[*Totters: SAEZ and ALAGON support him.*]

Saez! Alagon! Ye have changed

To fiends! Unhand me! Off! Away! Away!

[*Sinks on his Couch.*]

Alagon. Remorse makes fearful work.

Saez. Pho! Pho! Remorse is fear: a bugbear raised
By sickly consciences to affright themselves.

Alagon. This flaw may quench even brighter hopes than
mine.

Saez. Brighter than San Fernando's jewelled crown—
Or by God's Holy Mother might he lie
Thus spectre-tranced 'till waked by Gabriel's blast.

K. Ferd. Drink! Drink! Methinks I'd quaff an ocean
dry.

A fire burns *here*; lit by the wrath of God. [Alarms.]
No traitor's sword, tho' driven to the hilt,
Can stir the flame to fiercer heart; nor quench it.
Were my heart a lake of blood. [To *Saez.*] Glozing Serpent!
Have I not cause to curse thee?

Avaunt! Thou'rt hateful to my sight. [Exit *SAEZ.*

The Page. [Looking out.] O, See! The green cockades!
[Alarms.]

Alagon. [Looks out] 'Tis Mina, leading on La Isla's
rebels.

K. Ferd. Aye! Rushing at my throat while Angoulême,
That vaunting Gascon, loiters by the way,

Alagon. Now! now! Behold!—My Guard retreat! See!
See!

K. Ferd. Base hounds! And thou stand'st here! Their
leader! [ALAGON going.]
Hold!—Nay go!—Go or stay, my hour is come.

[Exit ALAGON.]
Is death indeed at hand? And must I perish,
My soul fresh-spotted with Riego's gore?
Oh! That once more I might confess my sins.

[A retreat sounds.]
Hark! Hark! My faithless Guard! Pray, pray for me,
Blest MOTHER OF GOD. [Totters: Noises near.]

*Enter ALAGON and Guards; and SAEZ, who catch him as he
fa'ls.*

Saez. [Supports him.] Your Majesty is safe.

[Distant bugle.]
K. Ferd. *Saez!*—*Alagon!*—I'm snatched from death.
But Mina?—

Saez. Heard'st not the bugle's call? Mina retreats
Toward the city gates, thro' which must he
Quickly pass, or render up his sword o Angouleme.

K. Ferd. [Laughs.] *Saez,* kill me not with joy. [Laughs.]
Victorious Angouleme!

[Laughs.] I can but laugh. Audacious Mina, like
A hunted fox, skulking for life, the while
His doughty chief is swining to and fro
Twixt earth and Heaven. [Laughs.] My coach! My
coach!

Thy arms, good friends.

[Takes an arm of each, and exeunt FERDINAND laughing.]

SCENE V.

The Prado. Solemn Music without. Enter MINA and Soldiers.

Mina. Too late, my friends! too late! The mighty soul
Of our great enterprize; our chief, our brother,
Is gone. Freed from his chains, he soars to realms
No tyrant dare approach. The foes of liberty
Alone were his: Ye loved him, for ye knew
He loved his country more than gold, or life,
Or fame: Aye, more than mother, wife, or friend;
His every thought her welfare and her glory.

Enter the Brothers of Peace and Charity, bearing the bier of RIEGO, followed by the Canon RIEGO, and after him BALLESTEROS.

1st Brother. Alms, good friends, to inter the outlawed dead.

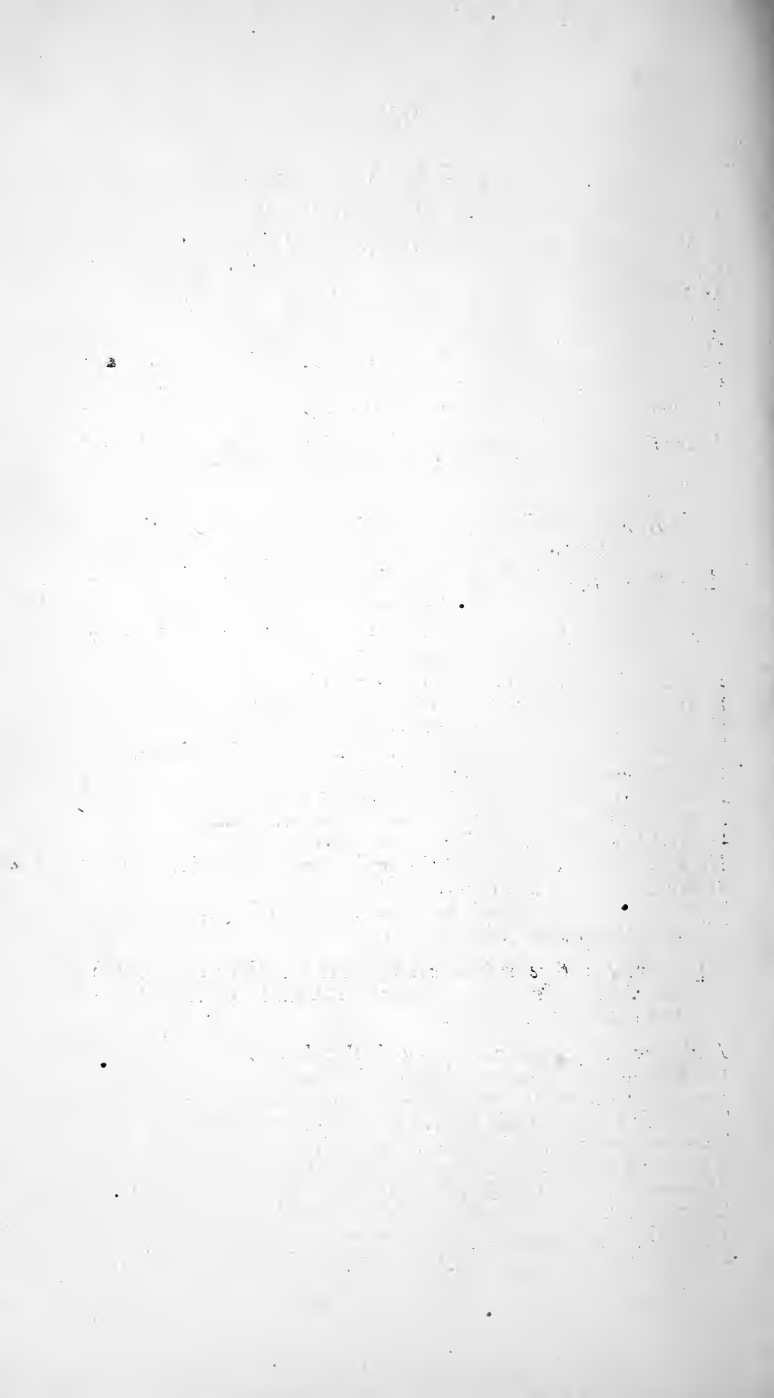
[Alms are given by MINA, and the Soldiers, also by BALLESTEROS.]

Mina. *[Bending over the bier.]* Farewell! Thou brother
of my soul! What tho'
No purple pall be thine! a grander canopy
Is arched above thee, thro' whose azure folds
God and His avenging Angels view
Thy shroudless corse. Death—friend of suffering virtue,
Hath tipped for thee his barbed dart with balm,
And gently wafts thee to the sun-bright realm
Above. Thy murderer tosses on his bed of down
In Guilt's anticipated pains. What tho'
No sculptured stone record thy praise? when Ferdinand's
Dismantled tomb shall be a crumbling ruin,
The just, the brave, shall moisten with tearful eye,
The turf that marks Riego's grave.

[Covers the face with his sash: the Brothers remove the Bier. The Procession passes, MINA and Soldiers standing with arms reversed.]

And now—far crueller fate—I quit thy shores,
Land of my birth, enforced by foreign foes
Leagued with thy traitor King—whose bayonets bend
Thy neck beneath their yoke. I seek that generous Isle,
The ever ready refuge of the oppressed.
Thy star hath set: but Heaven in glory yet
May send it forth: and exiled Mina live
To greet its earliest beam, and lay his head
Upon thy lap—beside thy martyred son.

[Curtain falls to solemn music.]



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